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CONTENTS.

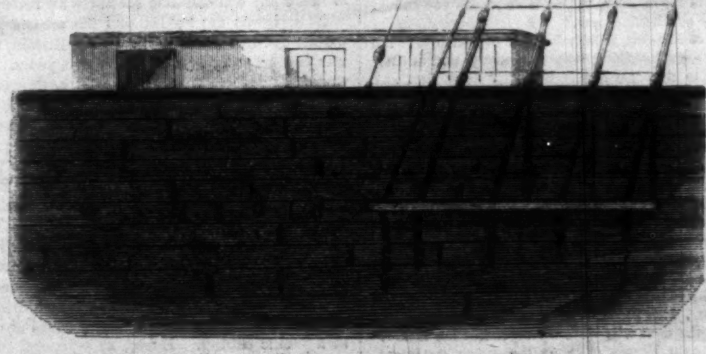
I. A VISIT TO THE SCHOONER "MOBILE," WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.
II. EDITORIALS.
III. THE LOUNGER.
IV. LIEUTENANT-COLONEL COOKE, OF THE SECOND DRAGOONS, WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.
V. LUNCAN'S LIGHT.
VI. FUNERAL HONORS PAID AT CINCINNATI TO THE LATE GENERAL PERSIFER F. SMITH, WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.
VII. LITERARY.
VIII. DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.
IX. FOREIGN NEWS.
X. BILLY BOWLEGS AT NEW ORLEANS, WITH FIVE BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.
XI. THE DEVIL'S MARK.
XII. MY WESTERN LAND SPECULATION.
XIII. BULWER'S "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"—*Continued.*
XIV. THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, WITH THREE EXQUISITE ILLUSTRATIONS
XV. MISCELLANY.
XVI. THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.
XVII. MARKET AND FINANCIAL REPORTS.
XVIII. COMICALITIES.

A VISIT TO CAPTAIN HOWES, OF THE SCHOONER "MOBILE."

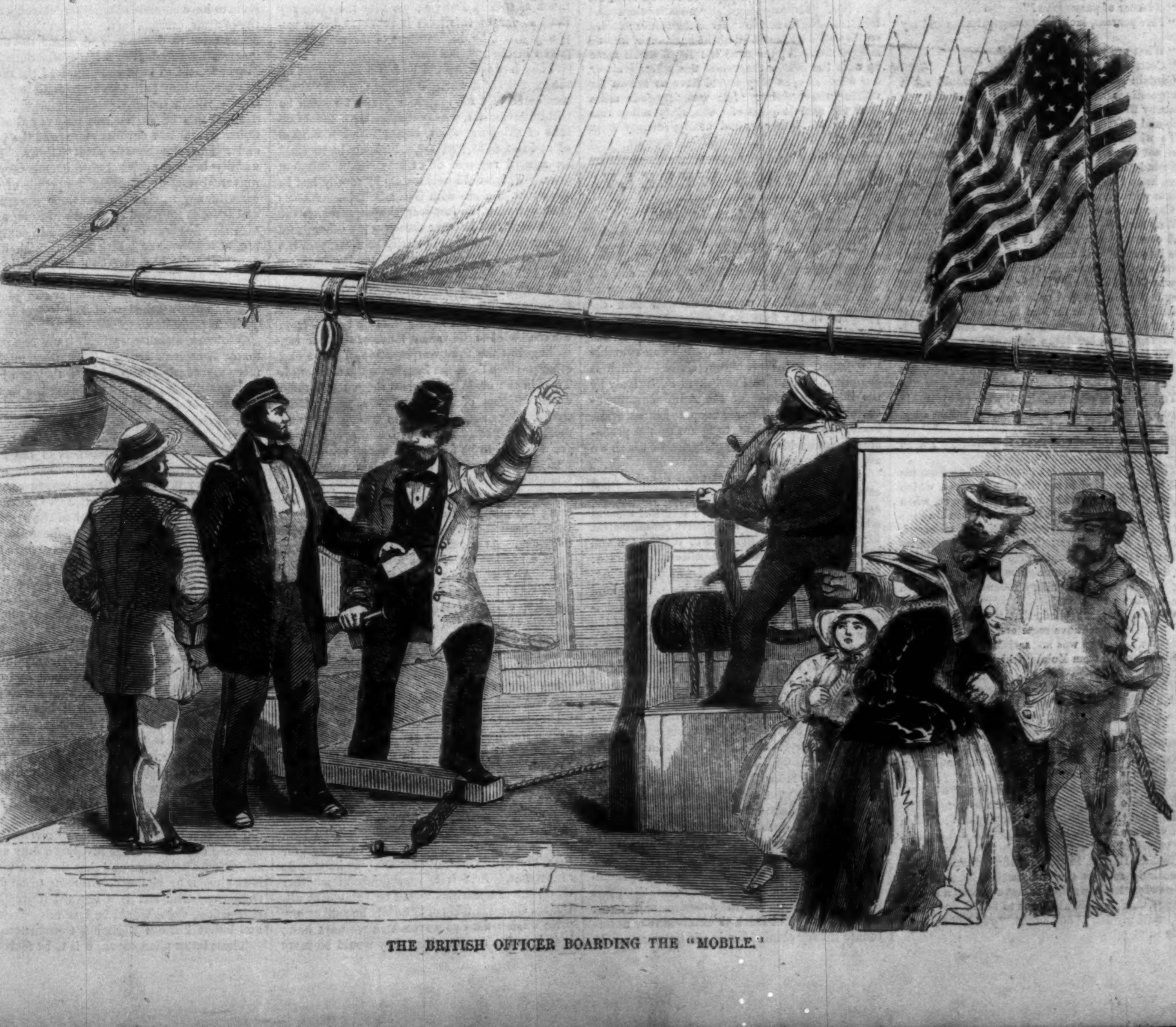
FOR the purpose of gaining full particulars of the outrage committed upon the American schooner *Mobile*, by the British war-ship *Styx*, we visited the *Mobile* while in New York harbor, and were fortunate in finding Captain Howes and his family on board. From him we learned the following facts: The schooner *Mobile*, of four hundred tons burden, was built at Saybrook, on the Connecticut River, is owned by Terry & Dillatore, merchants of New York city, and has been, with few exceptions, always employed in the coasting trade. Captain Allen Howes, her Commander, is a fine specimen of the American sailor, of unimpeachable character, and wherever he is known is regarded as a plain, straightforward, truth-telling man. He was born in one of Neptune's most favorite cradles, Cape Cod, in the locality known as the thriving town of Dennis, and is now thirty-eight years old; for twenty-two years he has lived, when on shore, at Barnstable, Massachusetts. When quite a lad he instinctively "took to the water," and having served his apprenticeship in "the East India trade," at the age of eighteen was a mate on board of one of our "coasters," and has remained in them ever since, excepting when making an occasional voyage to Europe.

Captain Howes left Mobile with his vessel deeply loaded with cotton, which was piled on her decks two tier high, and consequently perfectly visible by every passing ship. Her appearance in every respect was as unlike a slaver as possible, as she was low in the water, was evidently carrying a bulky cargo, and at the time she was overhauled was running away from Cuba and the slave mart, on her way to New York. About noon of the 29th of April Captain Howes was on deck and saw what afterward proved to be the war-steamer, then a mere speck on the horizon; his own vessel at the time was running into shore. An hour afterward Captain Howes made out the stranger to be bark-rigged, and as she ran across the bows of the *Mobile* took her to be a New York packet bound for Key West. The Captain then left the deck and went into his cabin, and lay down to take his usual nap, preparatory for the night-watch demanded by the difficult navigation of the Gulf. For the entire understanding of the reader, it is well to know that the cabin is built on the deck of the *Mobile*, and the entrance to it is from the stern, the door being directly opposite where the man stands at the wheel.

When Captain Howes retired to his state-room, he left on deck not only the crew, but his eldest daughter, an interesting girl of fourteen, and also Mr. Amisa P. Thomas, of Newark, New Jersey, a passenger from Mobile. In the cabin was Mrs. Howes, a very intelligent lady, and her youngest child Edith, some six or seven years of age, the Captain generally taking his family with him on his voyages to the South. Captain Howes had hardly composed himself for sleep before his daughter, much excited, came from the deck into the cabin and said: "Father, what is the vessel doing?" alluding to the steamship. Captain Howes looked out of the window of his state-room and saw the vessel spoken of some two miles off, running square across his bows. Supposing that the vessel wished to speak to him, he came on deck to answer the hail, when the mate met him and said: "That is an English war-steamer." Captain Howes then ordered his ensign (the stars and stripes) to be set in the rigging so as to be most plainly seen. The steamer kept on until within hailing distance, and then rounded to on the *Mobile's* weather-quarter: the English flag was now, for the first time, noticed flying at the mizen-peak. On the wheel-house of the steamer, perfectly visible to every one on the



SIDE OF THE "MOBILE," SHOWING THE MARK OF THE RIFLE-BALL.



THE BRITISH OFFICER BOARDING THE "MOBILE."

Mobile, were two men wearing linen jackets, one holding a spy-glass, which he occasionally used, and the other armed with a musket. Presently Captain Howes heard twice in succession what appeared to be the report of a rifle, but he could not realize or believe that the Englishman would fire into his vessel and endanger the lives under his charge when lying within hail. The mate now came up to Captain Howes and said, "They are firing at us, and with ball too." Captain Howes then ordered his vessel to be hove to, the same as if he were to receive a pilot. After this there were two shots fired, one ball going over the heads of the men working amidships and striking the water to the leeward, the other hitting the side of the vessel about eight feet abaft the forechannels (where the mark can now be seen). This third shot alarmed Mr. Thomas, the passenger; and Captain Howes, perceiving that his men were in danger, ordered the jibs to be hauled down, thinking that that might stop the firing. This wanton attack greatly incensed Captain Howes, whose first impulse was to disregard the steamer and proceed on his voyage, to force the assailing party to a more positive display of its intentions; but the recollection that he had his family on board, and the fact that his eldest daughter in terror had fled to her state-room, and that Mrs. Howes, greatly excited, was begging her husband to come into the cabin out of danger, he concluded to quietly submit, though with difficulty, to a course of events which he could not control.

Near four o'clock a boat was lowered from the English vessel and came alongside of the *Mobile*. There were some six or ten men in the boat, all apparently unarmed, with the exception of the officer, who wore a heavy sword. Coming alongside the *Mobile*, the man in the bow caught the brace of the square-sail yard, which enabled the officer to step on the channels, and then on the deck of the *Mobile*. Captain Howes meantime stood aft, having no desire, as he says himself, to welcome the gentleman on board. The officer wore the naval uniform of a British lieutenant, and upon reaching the deck asked the mate where the Captain was? On being told, he walked aft, and without any ceremony sat down on the tiller and took out of a black satchel he carried in his hand a book, which he put on the rudder head—Captain Howes the mean while standing, and up to the moment apparently unrecognized by the officer. The mate and Mr. Thomas also came aft, and heard the conversation which ensued.

The Englishman, having thus disposed of himself, and being the only gentleman *seated*, commenced his inquisition, as Captain Howes observes, "more searchingly than he ever witnessed in a revenue or quarantine officer." His first inquiry was,

"Where is this vessel from?"

"Mobile."

"Where bound?"

"New York."

"How many men do you carry?"

"Ten, all told."

"Number of passengers?"

"Five persons, including one gentleman and my family."

"What are you loaded with?"

"Cotton."

Captain Howes now concluded he would ask a few questions himself, and said, "What did you mean by firing into my vessel and frightening my wife and children?"

To which the Englishman replied, "Why did you not heave to when you saw a man-of-war to the windward with her ensign flying? You might have known that those on board wished to communicate with you."

Captain Howes, very much annoyed, replied, "Why the —— did you not run down on my stern and communicate, and do this without firing bullets into me?" and continued, stating "that it was quite common to see American and Spanish men-of-war in the Gulf with their colors flying, and that they had never stopped or interfered with him, and that it would not do for him to heave to and wait the motions of every man-of-war he saw with colors flying; and, besides, a pennant was not a necessary evidence of a man-of-war, for he" (Captain Howes) "had a long one on board which he often set."

To which the officer rejoined, with considerable asperity, "If I saw you with one set I would come on board your ship and have it down."

To which Captain Howes responded, "I'll be —— if you would."

The officer, now much irritated, got up from his seat and demanded to see the ship's papers, which Captain Howes started for the cabin to get, when the Englishman although he knew Captain Howes's family was in the cabin, pushed on, and, *uninvited*, entered. Mr. Thomas followed, and the mate remained at the door. Captain Howes then displayed his enrollment and license. The officer, after looking at them suspiciously for a moment, said, "You should have a register."

Captain Howes replied, that "vessels engaged in his trade did not have registers, but sailed under a license, and, if he was not satisfied, he could look at his clearance from Mobile, which was in regular form."

The Englishman seemed, or affected to be, satisfied, and laid the papers upon the table, when Captain Howes asked, "Did you take me for a slaver?"

"*No!*" distinctly and emphatically responded the officer, which denial was heard and noticed by Mr. Thomas and the mate.

"Then," continued Captain Howes, "why did you fire into my vessel after it was hove to?"

This act the Englishman promptly *denied*, when Mr. Thomas and the mate said, "You did fire into the vessel after it was hove to."

Captain Howes, in spite of himself, now unable to entirely repress the indignation he felt, said, "Knowing that my ship was not a slaver, it is very strange that you should want to board my vessel and insult my flag;" and added, "you had no right to do it."

The Englishman replied, "*That he had orders to board every vessel going up and down the Gulf*, and that it was very lucky for him" (Captain Howes) "that he hove to." This remark Mr. Thomas and the mate heard. The Englishman then went on to say that there was a treaty which gave him the right. This Captain Howes denied, when the Englishman, in a sarcastic way, remarked, "Well, likely *you* know better than I do!"

The Englishman, having apparently ended his search, Captain Howes suggested that if such was the case he would like to proceed on his voyage. The officer on this hint gathered up his book and put it in the satchel and left the cabin. When on deck, he turned to Captain Howes and said,

"This will not be the last of this!"

"I don't mean it shall be," retorted Captain Howes. The Englishman then, as if recollecting something, said that he wished very much to write in his log, for if Howes was going to make a statement he wished to make one too. Captain Howes denied him this privilege, and then left him, ordering the sailors to "draw away the fore-stay sail-sheet and hoist the jibs," taking no further notice of the Englishman, who went forward and got into his gig as best he could.

The man-of-war by this time was on the *Mobile's* lee-quarter, about two hundred yards distant, with the main top-sail to the mast, and when last seen by Captain Howes was still in this trim, as if the very sails and rigging were suffering for being engaged in such a dirty, cowardly business.

The English officer was about forty years of age, and, besides the usual blue coat, wore his epaulets. His manner was supercilious in the last degree, and he strode the deck of the American ship as if he were its master, and gave orders to see the papers and asked all his questions in an insulting tone. Illustrative of this manner, when Captain Howes remonstratingly said,

"I have been running in the Gulf twenty years, and was never before boarded or troubled in any way;" the officer replied, with a great deal of sarcasm in his manner, "That is no reason you should not be overhauled now."

In conclusion, it may be well to notice that the papers sympathizing with the enemy, and in their haste to give "aid and comfort," deny that any shots were ever fired in these recent outrages on the American flag. In reply to this, it is only necessary to observe that the crew of the *Mobile*, the Captain, Mr. Thomas, the passenger, all testify to the whistling of the balls, and the mark of one is still on the side of the ship. It is notorious that Captain Howes's eldest daughter was very seriously alarmed, and that Mrs. Howes conceived her husband's life in danger while on the deck of his own ship. Edith, the youngest girl, who was in the cabin, and too innocent to comprehend the danger, but witnessing the alarm, suggested that "her father should get Mr. Hawkins's (the mate's) awful gun, and shoot the men who were trying to kill her father."

Captain Howes gave us the above statement, which we transferred to paper as related from his own lips. Although naturally a rather silent and taciturn man, he can not refer to the scenes enacted on his vessel without feeling the uprising of intense indignation. At the time the Englishman came up with the *Mobile* the vessel was where *a slaver was never seen*, as they would have no reason for visiting the vicinity. She was fifty-four miles from the nearest point of Cuba, sixty miles from the Bay of Matanzas, and nearly seventy from Havana.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 12, 1858.

COST OF A WAR WITH ENGLAND.

NOW that the United States Senate and the press have decided that we are going to war with England, we may as well look the prospect in the face, and count the cost. If our ruling authorities are to be believed, war may burst upon us any day. That valuable newspaper, the Washington *Union*—which is compiled, written, and sustained exclusively by the intimate friends of the Administration—sounds an ominous war-whoop. Let us make haste, ere it be too late, to figure up the probable profit and loss of the enterprise in which we are about to embark.

And we may as well at once dismiss from consideration all old estimates. War, in the age of Achilles and Cæsar, cost nothing beyond a beggarly stipend and a beggarly commissariat for troops. Even in the time of Wellington and Napoleon, the cost was comparatively moderate; the pay of the men employed was the leading, and almost the only important item. England incurred a debt of four thousand millions of dollars for the pay, feed, and transportation of the raw material of war, rank and file. In the day in which we live all this is altered. War costs at least four times as much as it did in the days of Napoleon, and fifty times as much as it did in the days of Cæsar. The pay of soldiers has doubled within the past twenty-five years; the United States could not hope to obtain available recruits at less wages than farmers and manufacturers are in the habit of paying for unskilled labor. Provisions have quintupled in value within the past century. Time was when twopence a day supported a soldier. A quarter of a dollar will not now place him in a condition to fight effectively. And transportation is far higher than it ever was. We read of times when £300 (say $1500) was a fair remuneration to a ship for an eight months' voyage from England to South America and back. Our vessels would think themselves very unfortunate if they obtained only ten times as much.

But science has revolutionized war, like every thing else; and now the cost of labor, commissariat, and transportation would be only a small part of the expense of a war. Improved shells, Congreve rockets, Minié rifles, Lancaster and Dahlgreen guns, telegraphs, electric wires, and the thousand-and-one scientific methods of destroying life comprehensively, each and all cost enormous sums of money. War, like other enterprises, has received a vast development of late years; we fight on a grander scale than our ancestors. The mere cost of the cannon-balls fired at Sebastopol exceeded the total expense of the whole Peninsular campaigns and our Revolutionary war. A single regiment armed with the Minié rifle costs more than a brigade used to do. A modern division—with cavalry, artillery, and infantry—is more expensive than a great army was in olden time. It must always be remembered that the progress which science has made renders military methods more effective, but not more economical.

Let us take the Crimean war as a test. It has been calculated that, independently of the pecuniary value of the quarter of a million of adult males who perished in that conflict, from first to last, the actual cost of the war was, in round numbers, two thousand millions of dollars, divided between Russia, England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey This was a war of less than two years, fought at a single point. Each side enjoyed peculiar advantages. Each was enabled to communicate with its home reservoir without molestation. The Russians sent troops into Sebastopol, the Allies sent troops into Balaclava and Chersonese without opposition. Both belligerents thus saved the cost of contests by the way. All parties engaged had large standing armies, and were not compelled to make any considerable sacrifices for recruits.

Now, if—as the Senate and the press say—we are going to fight with Great Britain, the war could hardly last less than two years. It would, therefore, cost us at least a thousand millions, judging from the estimate of the Russian war. But it would cost more; for none of the nations engaged in the Russian war paid a quarter what we should be compelled to pay for troops. Russia, France, Sardinia, and Turkey obtain men by conscription—in various forms—and pay them a nominal hire. We should be compelled to pay full wages. At first volunteers might offer their services at low rates; but the experience of the Mexican war proves that if we wanted reliable troops we should have to pay them as good wages as they could obtain in a pacific calling. Labor, as a general rule, is worth in the United States at least twice as much as it is in Europe; we may therefore say that, so far as this item is concerned, our expenses would be double those of the nations engaged in the Russian war.

This, however, would be but a small part of the expense of a war. Judging from the latest commerce and navigation reports, we shall be within the mark if we say that we have 3,000,000 tons of shipping afloat, representing a capital of at least $165,000,000, which ought to yield an annual revenue of at least $22,000,000 a year. This would necessarily be totally lost in the event of a war with Great Britain. As was shown during the last war, the captures on the one side would balance those on the other; and as our trade would necessarily be destroyed, the revenue now derived from the carrying business would disappear.

Then we have $1,200,000,000 invested in railways. These roads derive their income from the carriage of immigrants and goods from the sea-board to the vacant lands of the interior, and again from the transportation of grain and other produce from the interior to the sea-board. To earn the ordinary interest these roads must do a business of $84,000,000 a year. This would, of course, cease when immigrants and merchandise ceased to arrive, and produce and grain ceased to be forwarded to the sea-board.

Again. We sent abroad, last year, over $360,000,000 worth of produce, chiefly cotton, breadstuffs, and specie. It is doubtful, considering the preponderating naval force of Great Britain, whether we should receive any specie to export. At any rate, we should not have any foreign market for surplus breadstuffs and cotton. And while our wealthy classes would be deprived by the war of their silks, laces, watches, jewelry, wines, and other luxuries, the rank and file of the nation would suffer from the absence of a demand for our great staples. Cotton would sell at three or four cents a pound; wheat at twenty-five cents a bushel; flour at two to three dollars a barrel. Instead of producing five hundred millions' worth of cotton, corn, and other produce per annum, we should not produce over a hundred and fifty millions' worth.

There has been some talk of the enhanced rate of interest which the war would cause. No doubt a war would enhance the rate of interest. Every body who wanted to borrow would pay more for money than he would have to do in time of peace. A farmer who needed a loan of $5000 would have to grant a mortgage for $6000 or $7000 instead of $5000, as he can do at present. And it is very doubtful whether Government securities would be salable at all. United States bonds could hardly be sold at any price during the two wars which we have had; it is brave to suppose that they would be more negotiable in the event of a new war. They sell high now, because we have Europe as a customer; if we were shut out from the European market they would not find purchasers very easily.

In a word, a war with England would cost us, in actual outlay, over a thousand millions a year, which there is no reason to believe we could borrow at less than the ruinous rates current during the late two wars. We shall be within safe limits if we assume that the thousand millions would cost us $1,250,000,000. We should, moreover, lose annually at least half a million in loss of interest on ships, steamers, and railways, and loss of trade to commercial houses and the enterprises which depend on them. Independently, therefore, of any loss to be caused by the bombardment of our sea-port towns, or by the landing of negro regiments in the South, charged with the duty of exciting servile insurrections, a war with Great Britain would cost us at least $1,750,000,000 per annum—in other words, $70 per annum for each white person, man, woman, and child. Assuming that each family consists of four persons—a low estimate for this country—the war would cost every adult male $280 a year as long as it lasted. How this could be borne every citizen can judge.

The writer enjoys the acquaintance of a Liverpool merchant whose experience illustrates the immense advantage of foreign wars. In conversation a few months since, the Liverpool gentleman observed that the taxes which he paid to Government for the liquidation of the interest on the war debt amounted to just as much as all the rest of his expenses. His expenditure was divided into two equal parts—one for the Government to pay the cost of England's foreign wars, the other to support himself. Every citizen of the United States can thus realize the effect of a foreign war.

Now let us see how soon we can go to war with Great Britain.

THE RIOTS AT NEW ORLEANS.

FROM the meagre and obviously partial accounts which we have received by telegraph from New Orleans, it is not easy to form a reliable judgment on the transactions which occurred in that city on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. We are told that "the murders and acts of violence" which have disgraced the city of late years required an abnormal remedy, and that, in presence of an imbecile and corrupt magistracy and police, nothing was left for the people but to take the law into their own hands. Acting on this principle, a number of persons seem to have assembled together, seized a quantity of arms, erected barricades, set the laws and magistrates at defiance, and raised the flag of insurrection; and, after a few hours' debate, the Mayor is said to have compromised the matter, by relinquishing to the insurgents all police authority within the city.

If all this be so, we can only say that New Orleans must be a curious place, and the people and magistrates equally droll fellows. It has usually been considered that Democracy and universal suffrage rendered the people of every constituency responsible for their government and laws, as they had the power to change them at will. No man is well founded in complaining of a grievance which it rests with him to cure; and the idea that in a Democratic community, where the power of the people is unfettered, any amount of disorder can justify a rebellion against the lawful decisions of the majority is preposterous.

Violence, disorder, and crime are common in many American cities. That they might be more vigorously repressed than they are by the city magistracies is quite true; but the fact that they are not does not justify people in rebelling against the officers of their own creation. The remedy lies elsewhere—at the ballot-box, on election-day. It is the business of the people to elect men who will repress disorder; if they do not, they must take the consequences.

We hear much, not only at New Orleans, but elsewhere as well, of the defeat of the system of universal suffrage by violence at the polls. The Mayor of New Orleans is said to have been elected, with the aid of violence, by a minority of the electors. This may be so, but whose fault is it? If the majority lets itself be thrashed by the minority, with what grace can it complain afterward, and resort, in its turn, to lawless violence? The theory of Anglo-Saxon representative institutions presumes that every individual has manhood enough to defend and assert his rights. There are turbulent and riotous individuals in every community; but can it be seriously pretended that the true mode of dealing with them is to let them have their own way on election-day, and then afterward to rise in rebellion against the constituted authorities, and set up barricades?

There are several places in the United States where people seem ignorant of the most essential political duties. If it were universally understood that the suffrage involves a duty as well as confers a privilege, and that the man who allows himself by violence or threats to be driven from the ballot-box is a coward unworthy of citizenship, there would be less misgovernment and less talk about Vigilance Committees.

These latter phenomena, it is to be feared, are generally the work either of intriguing and disappointed demagogues, who hope, by the exercise of lawless violence, to obtain what they could never get by fair means, or of faint-hearted citizens who, in a moment of passionate impulse, seek to repair the consequences of a long career of fatal pusillanimity. In neither case are they entitled to the least sympathy.

A LITERARY FRAUD.

A POSTMASTER in Alabama sends us the circular of a Philadelphia publisher, advertising a work purporting to contain an account of "*Dr. Livingstone's Seventeen Years' Explorations and Adventures in the Wilds of Africa.*" Among other things, the book is said to narrate how "Dr. Livingstone was imprisoned three years in a subterranean cave 3000 miles long," in which he "discovers diamonds and gold of inestimable value;" escaping from which "he commences his journey of 3000 miles through a country full of wild beasts, where he is attacked by four lions—two natives are killed on the spot, and the Doctor is crippled for life," etc., etc. Ten thousand agents are wanted to circulate the work, almost any of whom, the circular says, "can make ten dollars a day."

This circular appears to have been largely distributed throughout the South and West; and our friend writes to inquire if the book which it describes is a genuine edition. We reply, that it is a gross forgery and imposition. It does not contain a single line written or furnished by Dr. Livingstone, and the incidents described do not bear the slightest resemblance to those narrated in the genuine work. The book is, and is intended to be, a fraud and an imposition upon the public, who will do well to be on their guard against this as well as several other spurious or mutilated books bearing the same general title.

THE LOUNGER.

A LETTER FROM MRS. DOBLEY.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I wish to call your attention to a very serious matter; serious, I mean, to ladies who must go shopping; and what lady must not—or would not, even if she could not? I learn that Mr. Stewart is about enlarging his vast store, establishment, or shop, and I want to know, and through you to ask him, why he will not employ *women* in *some* of the departments? I do not wish to be *unreasonable*. I am perfectly willing that the young ladies should still have the satisfaction of being served by *delightful young gentlemen* in the rooms where they now are—nor am I so heartless (*as you would believe if you knew me*) as to wish to deprive those young gentlemen of the sweet society of shoppers. (You may put the *sweet* where you choose.) Certainly not. But as I am not a *young* lady myself (not *old*, you know, but still not *sixteen*), I find that it is sometimes very difficult to obtain such attendance as I wish. Some of the young gentlemen, in truth, are *not* so very delightful. Some of them are very *conceited*, *supercilious*, and *unsatisfactory*. I say *some* of them, and I often hear complaints of their *bad manners!* Perhaps we who are not so *very* young are a little more exacting; but I do not like to be treated as if I were having a favor conferred upon me by a young man in a shop when he shows me goods.

"And there is *one other thing*. When my daughter Honoria Helen is a little older, I don't wish her to buy *certain articles of feminine attire* of young men. I forbear to particularize. But, Sir, if you are a married man (*as I fondly hope for your own happiness you are!*), you will readily understand that there may be several things for which women can more agreeably negotiate with women. I am told that in Paris it is altogether the custom for women to tend the shop. My cousin Pimpernel tells me that in that city he used always to have his gloves tried on and his cravats tied and fitted about his neck by women,—*young* women, in fact, which seems to me less desirable. I should recommend *judicious elderly ladies* for that business. Cousin Pimpernel says it is astonishing how difficult it is for a man to be fitted with a cravat to his mind, in Paris. It used to take him *half an hour or more* to find one to please him. Honoria Helen wants to know how it would do for the young gentlemen at Stewart's *to fit on the collars and cuffs* of the young ladies who go there. She says she thinks it might promote the sale of such things. But she is a giddy girl—only fifteen: so I am *sure* you will excuse her.

"Don't you think Mr. Stewart might think seriously of this proposition? He may leave every thing *just as it is at present*, only adding women in the new rooms. Please suggest it to him. Perhaps he does not read your paper. But could you not send him a copy? I suppose you publish it for the sake of having it read.

"Respectfully yours,
"MRS. NANCY J. DOBLEY."

—The Lounger shares Mrs. Dobley's confidence that Mr. Stewart will seriously consider so sensible a proposition. It would be a great satisfaction to many ladies if they could be sure of being waited upon by women; and long experience has proved their capability of even rivaling some men in shopkeeping.

THE REGATTA.

ON Monday June came out in full force. On Tuesday she sulked and repented a little. On Wednesday the most summer air, with a spice of the East. But on Thursday dawned a perfect day, calm and warm, breathing softly from the south. It breathed too softly—for what are yachts in a calm? It breathed up the bay, too, when yachts wanted to go down. But man is master of the south wind, and at the appointed hour the echoing signal-gun pealed along the water, and the regatta of '58 commenced.

The finest harbor and bay in the world were flecked with white sails. Veering and drifting and idly floating, the great craft and the little craft stood off and on, while shoals of steamers swarming with eager people darted among them, raced down the Narrows, turned and returned with streaming flags and ringing bells and bursts of music here and there. The tufted shores of Long Island and Staten Island were alive, upon convenient points, with pretty groups of summer picnickers, carriages and horses—shawls spread upon the grass and chairs set in the piazza. The day itself was a festival. The distances muffled in tender mist, and all the Loungers upon the yachts or upon the shore,

"Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season 'and,
When far - sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,
Half lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land."

Seen from below, the haze hanging across the river suddenly blossomed with the white wings of the squadron, which slowly opened into the full spectacle of the race. The bay sparkled all over with pointed canvas, and after long silent delays, the saucy little sailers began to feel the rising wind—began to slip blithely through the rippling water, and slowly, slowly tacking far across, with every dazzling inch spread, the leading vessels came straining on and passed below the spectators upon Staten Island. When all had passed the stake-boat, the *Josephine* steamer, with the judges on board, steamed straight through the fleet toward the lower stake in the Southwest Spit. The straggling pageant passed, and the wide solitary lower bay was as lively as a village-common at a fair. Steamboats of all sizes, pilot-boats, sloops, schooners, brigs, and barks, and ships, standing in under full sail, or following tow-boats out, mingled in the scene. A huge barge, crowded with spectators and drawn by a mere tadpole of a tow, moved gravely along, giving its passengers ample opportunity of studying the shores or fishing, were they so inclined; and on one active steamer, whose decks were packed with people like honey-paste with flies, one enterprising individual in a red shirt straddled the walking-beam of the engine and so rose and fell with every motion of the monster, ingeniously combining the excitement of a rocking-horse with the exhilaration of a regatta in a calm.

But the calm was conquered, and with pulsing airs the light yachts slid the sea. Far away they went—down into the wind—lost, almost, in "the liquid azure bloom." Once more gleaming out of it, and so before the favoring gale flying homeward wing and wing. What disappointment and what wrath—what miscalculation and chagrin—what rough emotions of every kind—why should we seek to discover under those snowy canopies upon that shining sea? The day was the magician, and the puppets danced nimbly to his music. He threw beauty upon the bay, like honey-dew upon leaves, and, like bees, all worthy Loungers devoured it. And though the Yacht Club should last a thousand years, and once in each of the thousand summers spread all its canvas in a race, never will a fairer sun shine, nor greener leaves glisten, nor sweeter eyes look on, than those which adorned the regatta of fifty-eight.

RICHARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN!

AND who is not glad of it? Who is not pleased to see that the manager who brought us Jenny Lind proposes to do something else for our amusement? How he has labored for that end! Have we not all seen—if we have chosen to disregard two shillings—the nurse of Washington—reduced, unhappily, to a somewhat India-rubbery condition? (Why does not some enterprising opponent of Thackeray's "Virginians" suggest, with an effective sneer, that "the Englishman" shall introduce Joice Heth into his story?) Have we not all gazed in wonder upon the woolly horse, and upon that rare and extraordinary animal whose head was where his tail ought to be? The mermaid, too—a poem in a glass-case smelling of old fish! Are we to forget these things? It may be true that "hardly one person in ten knows what an aquaria is;" but surely a greater proportion than that—let us say two in eleven—ought to know what a good manager is.

Now horses of various kinds, caoutchouc old women, and cows with tails in their stalls, ought to be regarded as the freaks of genius—the jokes of a shrewd, good-humored director—whereby money was easily accumulated for the great purpose of bringing the greatest singer since Malibran to the United States.

Mr. Barnum did that, and it was well done. There was never such a remarkable and deserved success; and it was owing in great part, as such success always is, to sagacious management. The secret of that sagacity is as much an individual gift as a talent for painting. Any man could see that it was a good thing to bring over Jenny Lind, advertise enormously, and electrify the country. Of course he could. Why, then, did not "any man" do it, and make three hundred thousand dollars? It was a happy hit, at least, and so were many of the other experiments of Mr. Barnum. Of course he made his mistakes. The Crystal Palace—alas the day! Then *he* had to go instead of his clocks. But no man is always successful, and Mr. Barnum has done enough to show that he has the talent of success.

The new Opera enterprise is certainly promising. He proposes to bring over the entire company of Her Majesty's Opera in London, in connection with Mr. Manager Lumley, who will come to supervise the performances. The troupe includes Piccolomine, Titiens, Ortolani, and Giuglini the tenor. Among the dancers is Rosati. Before concluding the arrangement Mr. Barnum wishes to make sure of $80,000 by a subscription of eight hundred persons at five dollars a night for twenty nights.

The difficulty is the price. If the eight hundred who first come forward are to pay five dollars a night, for twenty nights, the rest of the public must do the same; and it is simply impossible to succeed at that rate. Even a slight reduction will not help it. We have had for several months a better Opera than the average European Opera, and we have not paid more than a dollar and a half. Then Mr. Barnum is to consider that, among his singers, the only one known here at all is Piccolomini. Ortolani's reputation, although she sang last season in London, has not reached us; and Titiens is entirely new—fine, doubtless, but unknown. She does not come with a *prestige*. Piccolomini, too, is not a sure success. She is charming in small parts, as we gather from those who have heard her; and her London success, founded partly upon the romance of her career, is not quite permanent. Giuglini is known to those who are familiar with the Opera world, but he has not a general fame as Mario has; and it is a fair question whether Tamberlik might not suit us better.

We say these things in the kindest spirit. The enterprise is so serious that it should be well considered. It would be a grave misfortune for Mr. Barnum to fail in his first fresh step. We wish him the best luck. But he understands as well as any man that we are not to be put off with names or old reputations. That effort always fails. It did with Parodi—it did with Frezzolini—it did, more's the pity! with Grisi. But with Jenny Lind, with Karl Formes—two splendid voices in their prime—how great and deserved the success!

So may it be with "Her Majesty's" in Irving Place!

THE TIMES.

A LOUNGER, with the best possible intentions of laziness, can hardly escape some kind of interest in the public excitement of the moment. The British question—the Utah question—the Central American question—and the question of Vigilance Committees, and the sale of public lands.

Perhaps the most startling form of the democratic inquiry is that of the Vigilance Committee. It is a practical confession that the ordinary forms have failed, and that it is necessary to rub out and begin again. In San Francisco the experiment was tried, not without success; and, as we write, it is pending in New Orleans.

It is always hard to decide when the revolutionary point has been reached; and that may be a crime to-day which will be a virtue to-morrow. The end of government is the protection of individual liberty, and the consequent free development of individual life. When it no longer does protect, a revolution is initiated, which will, sooner or later, burst forth—perhaps peacefully, perhaps violently. In New York there was a very general conviction of the incompetency of the government, and it was set aside. It was a change which, in other countries, could have been effected only at the cost of blood.

In this country a Vigilance Committee ought never to be necessary. If good men, and refined and educated men, did their duty at the polls, it never would be. But if the intelligence and moral power abdicate the government, ignorance and violence will certainly usurp it.

The times furnish the dullest Lounger with a thousand texts that preach themselves.

A LOVE-SONG.

THE rippling melody of pathos in George Darley's love-song belongs to the early, warm, luscious nights of June. It has as much meaning as you choose to give its melancholy strain:

"Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her hair!
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air?

"Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming,
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above—
Oh, that in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
I, too, could glide to the bower of my love.

"Ah! where the woodbines, with sleepy arm, have wound her,
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

"Come, then, my bird! for the peace thou ever bearest,
Still Heaven's messenger of comfort to me—
Come—this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my fairest,
Bleeds with its death-wound—but deeper yet for thee."

THE DERBY DAY.

LORD DERBY is having his day. Not only as Prime Minister of England did he conquer in the recent debate upon the India instructions, but as an English gentleman he came very near beating at Epsom races, making the day literally his own. His horse Toxophilite came out second in the great race. The Earl must tremble at his good fortune. Mr. Ten Broeck, the representative of America on the race-course, is not so lucky. His celebrated horse Babylon came out last. The question forces itself, whether this gentleman and his hapless horses are to continue to enter the reputation of his country at the successive races, and to continue to be defeated? He ought to consider that as a private gentleman he only loses his money, but as an American he loses a certain kind of prestige to his country.

It is an interesting fact to our non-racing readers, that the owner of the successful horse at the "Darby" this year won two hundred thousand dollars by his animal! What a paddock that ought to procure for the rest of his life to that triumphant charger! What a paddock it has probably secured to the lucky owner!

POOR RICHARD.

A LATE letter from Paris mentions a portrait of Benjamin Franklin now for sale there. It was painted by Duplessis in 1779, and belongs to a gentleman, who, greatly reverencing Poor Richard, and now growing very old, wishes it should come into the possession of some American institution. Why might not our venerable friends of the New York Historical Society turn their attention to the matter? An original, authentic portrait of him who stole the fire and the sceptre, and if tradition be true—the fluttering hearts of fair French women, who would be a century old had they lived—does not hang upon every wall. Benign old man! How like in temperament to the late great French poet. Only what was science in Franklin was song in Béranger. There is a portrait of each of them, wearing glasses, and reading, and it is pleasant to watch the secret sympathy of the impression they produce. Franklin was typical of much of the chief characteristic of the Yankee, but he had a profound liking for France, and France has rarely liked any American better.

Why will not the venerable, the Historical Society (reverend and ancient in its very nature) meditate the matter?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

A ROUND ROBIN.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—What has Mr. Lewis Cass, Jun., been doing at Rome? He is reported to have resigned because, in consequence of something, Rome had become 'too hot to hold him.' How delicious! Do tell us what it can be! We're a lot of girls in Madame ———'s school in ——— Street. Oh my! if she knew we had written you this note. Dear Mr. Cass—what *has* he done?"

—Little dears,—in the city of Rome lives the Pope. Mr. Cass, Jun., has been the United States Minister at the Papal Court, and his diplomatic duties consist in introducing the American nobility and gentry to the Pope's toe. You know, at such a presentation, it is improper to turn your back upon his Holiness in retiring. You must, in fact, back out of his presence. Now, *probably*, after having introduced Mr. Smith to the Father of the faithful, our Minister stepped back inadvertently upon the gouty foot of some cardinal, who, to revenge himself, *probably* began to stir up the fires of the Inquisition, and so Rome became too hot for the retiring Mr. Cass, Jun. The moral is—when you are introduced to the Pope, beg the Mr. Cass, Jun., whoever he may be at the time, not to tread upon any body's foot—that is to say, when he walks backward to look out for the consequences.

—MR. JOHN BULL replies, in a mild and persuasive strain, to some strictures of the Lounger upon the conduct of English cruisers in the Gulf, in which allusion was made to the opinions held of Mr. Bull by himself and his cousin Jonathan. Notwithstanding the effective argument of his correspondent, that the Lounger is "an ungrateful literary thief," he is unable to see that he has misstated the scope of those opinions; and he is quite sure that he has justly prognosticated the issue of the present debate. Without doubt England will declare that she did not mean war. The case is perfectly easy to understand; but "the silly little officers" must be rebuked. Might the Lounger dispassionately insinuate to Mr. Bull that the conduct of Judge Campbell, in the late trial of Bernard, was *not* altogether lovely, and that the Crimea is *not* a very glorious page of English history?

"The remarks, friend Lounger, made in regard to the mechanical tendency of academies, were, indeed, very good, for it is well exemplified in various productions which we receive from those countries where institutions of this kind are common. And we can not but admit, that this prettiness is very fascinating to those who have not given sufficient attention to the subject of art to be able to distinguish between a piece of mere mechanism and a real work 'of art that *can* 'awaken some kind of sentiment, some remembrance, some longing, some regret, some hope,' even though it should be termed a 'crude,' 'blotchy,' 'chalky' performance. * * * * * That we have received this impression to a great extent can not be denied, from the fact of the large numbers of pictures of this character which are being continually crowded upon us, and purchased, to the exclusion of native merit and the discouragement of rising art. We place, however, sufficient confidence in our artists to presume that, when they meet in convention, all matters calculated to advance their profession will receive due consideration; and that their labors here, and the productions of the studio, will be concentrated for the establishment of a popular taste that can perceive beauty in domestic works, by which a national art may be supported, though it should not strongly resemble, or be an actual imitation of, some foreign style or school.

"V. DE V."

—V. DE V. will have noticed that the Speaker of the House of Representatives has appointed a Special Committee upon the memorial of the American artists. What they propose to have done the Lounger can only guess. But what Congress can do he does not see. It may decree that the national pictures shall be painted by American artists only. It may grant a fund to found a National Academy. But both movements would be of very doubtful benefit to the interests of American art. We shall look eagerly for the report of the Special Committee.

—T. S. M. writes from St. John's, New Brunswick:

"Excuse this letter being sealed with shoemakers' wax. I am now among the shoemakers, and should you want to know what I am doing here, I will tell you I have been drawing outlines of machinery, not having the means of going more substantially to work. They laugh at them, and say they are all castles in the hair."

Mr. T. S. M. was pained by the absence of poetry in a certain number of the *Weekly*, and, anxious to keep the fire burning upon the Muses' altar, he invokes the aid of the Lounger to fashion his raw material into verse. The raw material, with perfect good manners, concludes:

"I do now faithfully yours remain
And hope never to reccord again
Such a hofred ferfull scene
Among Christan men."

PHILIP ST. GEORGE COOKE, LIEUT.-COLONEL SECOND DRAGOONS.

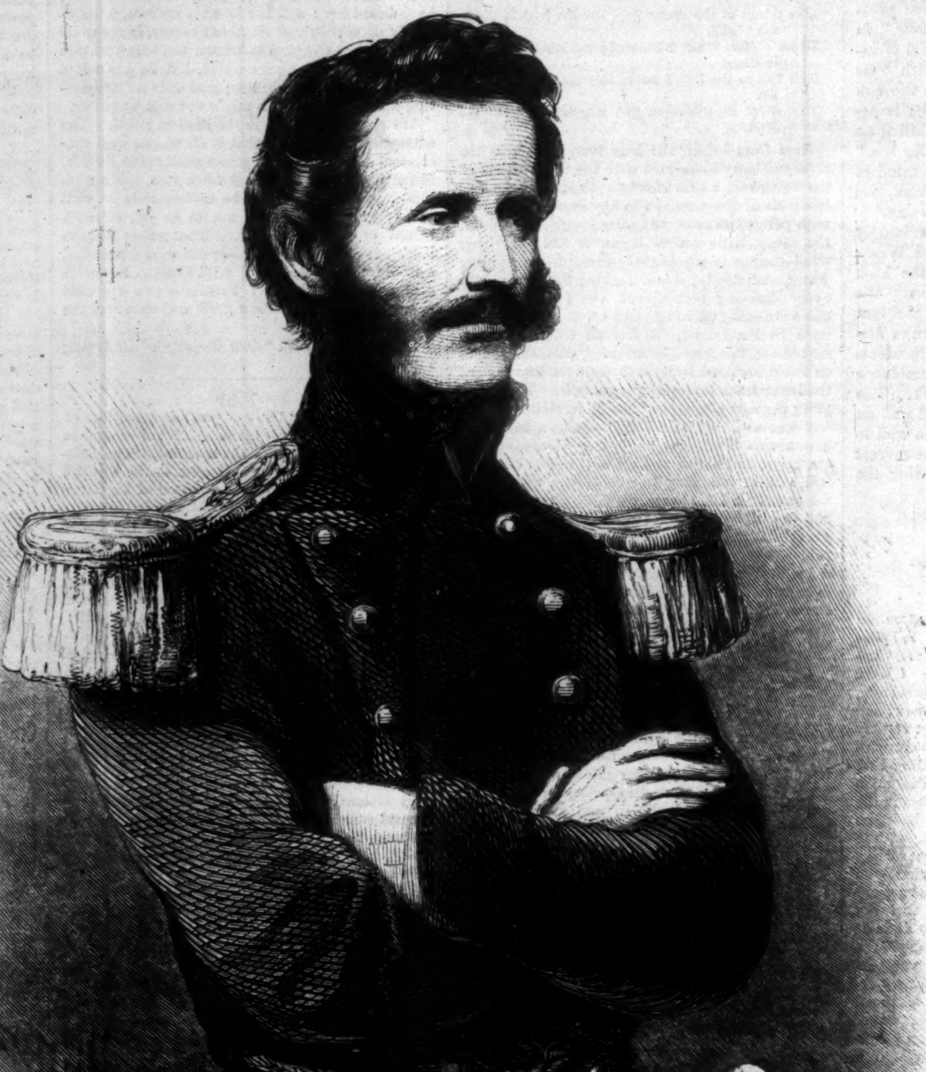
Lieutenant-Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, of whom we present an accurate likeness, is among the officers commanding in the expedition to Utah. He is one of the most meritorious soldiers in the United States army, and his perils and sufferings lately, on the stormy route to Salt Lake City, have excited widely-extended interest and attention.

He was born in Berkeley County, Virginia, in 1809—the youngest of many brothers who have been eminent in the South and West. Among these we may mention John R. Cooke, a gentleman of much distinction at the Virginia bar; and Dr. John Esten Cooke, formerly President of Transylvania University. Colonel Cooke from early boyhood longed to lead the life of a soldier, but was opposed by his parents. At fourteen, attempting to fight a duel with one of his companions, his parents yielded to his proclivities, and he soon entered West Point. He graduated in 1827, at the age of eighteen, and entered the army with the rank of third or fourth lieutenant. Soon afterward, as lieutenant of infantry—though scarcely more than a boy—he conducted, under circumstances of extraordinary hardship and trial, a body of two hundred men some six hundred miles up the Missouri; and also took part in an expedition to Santa Fe, meeting and overcoming a band of hostile Indians. He was afterward engaged in the "Black Hawk War," and was at the battle of Broad Axe.

As Major of Second Dragoons he served in California and in the Mexican War, and conducted the "Mormon Brigade" across the continent to San Francisco. His reports of the route which he followed in these marches were published by the War Department, and will be found full of interest. Many persons believe that the only practicable line for the Pacific railroad is that laid down on the maps as "Colonel Cooke's route." In 1854 he was commandant of one of the great departments of New Mexico. At this time he fought the battle of Cineguilas, defeating the Camanches and other savages with considerable bloodshed. From this distant post he soon afterward passed to Kansas, which was then convulsed. He was deputed to carry into effect the orders of Government; and this critical task was fulfilled with great prudence, firmness, and discretion. His coolness and decision upon this trying occasion undoubtedly prevented the occurrence of terrible scenes, and both parties fully recognized the propriety of his course.

When the Utah expedition was determined upon, Colonel Cooke was at once fixed upon to lead a portion of the troops. To his detachment was intrusted the safe-conduct of Governor Cumming and other civil dignitaries. Of the wild and strange incidents of the march of the army to Utah we need not speak. The journals of the day have chronicled the details, and they have been universally read. We doubt if the country at large, however, has realized, in any adequate degree, the perils and hardships of the onward advance of our brave troops, through blinding snow-storms, over the bleak and bare wastes of the great plains. Colonel Cooke's horses and mules perished by the hundred for want of fodder; the stores for the men were necessarily abandoned; still, in spite of every thing, they pushed on, and overcame all the terrors of the storm and the desert.

We have but little to add in relation to Colonel Cooke. His fortune has been to take part in few of those decisive encounters upon a conspicuous theatre of action which alone attract strongly the public attention. He has borne the "heat of the day," instead of catching by chance those "bright rewards" which ever and anon fall to the lot of holiday soldiers. For thirty years he has been in harness, guarding the frontier against a wily and untiring foe; and as he has performed faithfully his duty, he has not missed his reward. He is at this moment one of the best known and most popular officers in the army throughout all the great Western tier of States. The citizens of these States are fully aware of his services, and justly hold him in high favor and esteem. He has won this honorable distinction by never nodding at his post, but watching with sleepless vigilance over the regions he has been posted to defend. Colonel Cooke is a thoroughly-trained soldier—a man to be relied on; that is the origin of his popularity and distinction.



PHILIP ST. GEORGE COOKE, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SECOND DRAGOONS, SERVING WITH THE ARMY IN UTAH.

LUNCAN'S LIGHT.

I was born in a small frame-house situated upon a gray sandy ridge, on what is called the "Highlands" of Cape Cod, in the good old State of Massachusetts. My grandfather had a family of fourteen children—eleven sons and three daughters—all of whom lived to become fathers and mothers excepting one son, who was cut off in the vigor of manhood in the following manner: My grandfather was about the first individual in New England who attempted the hazardous business of pursuing the humpback and other species of the whale tribe, which, in the days of our colonial history, were often seen by fishermen, showing their black sides in the turbulent waters about George's or other shoals near the island of Nantucket. My grandfather owned a small schooner called the *Harmony*, and, with five or more of his sons, was in the habit of cruising for whale in the summer months, and in the winter would occasionally take an adventurous trip to the nearest West India Islands with fish to be exchanged for sugar, molasses, and coffee. On one of his summer voyages he fell in with a whale of large size, and preparations were immediately made for its capture. The second son, a man of extraordinary strength and quickness of action, was usually selected by his father for harpoon-man, whose office was, as it is now, to stand at the bow of the boat ready to cast the iron into the body of the monster as he rose to the surface for air. The whale rose, indeed, but with fatal force, and, with its mouth open, struck the bow of the boat, and my uncle, standing erect with his harpoon poised, pitched into the ponderous jaws of the monster, and one piercing shriek was all that was ever heard of the beloved and brave man. My grandmother, the same evening, while standing at her window, and a flash of lightning came illuminating the room, saw distinctly the image of her son standing at a short distance from the house, and she immediately passed out, and called many times, at the top of her voice, "Tully! Tully!"—the name of her son—in agonizing tones, but which were never to reach the beloved one's ear. I did not myself see this, but I believe it as religiously as if I had, as it is well authenticated by all the family then at home that my grandmother then predicted the death of her son. I account for it by supposing that great anxiety for the return of the precious crew operated upon her imagination, rather than, as was at that time believed, that the spirit had assumed its former shape, "to walk the earth for a time."

Around the weather-beaten and sandy shores of Cape Cod, now inhabited by an intelligent and wealthy population, there are but one or two good harbors: sand-reefs and bars, in most places, extend far off into the sea, making it a dangerous place in heavy storms.

Near one of these dangerous points, and from time immemorial, there has been seen, or said to have been seen, even down to the present day, during every night in the month of September, a round and brilliant ball of light, which is called "Luncan's Light;" and when it has sometimes approached near to the shore, boats have endeavored to get outside of it, but never succeeded. "Like a guilty thing," it eluded all attempts to get near to offer it speech.

The ancient legend respecting the cause of the appearance of this mysterious and much-dreaded light is embodied in the following narrative, which, I doubt not, has been in substance related to many persons now alive, descendants of the ancient inhabitants of this renowned and stormy cape.

At the far-back date when buccaneers were allowed, almost with impunity, to sweep the seas and scour the coasts for plunder, a renowned freebooter, commanding a famous piratical craft called the *Scourge*, was driven by stress of weather near the reefs in front of where my father's house afterward stood; but the weather having become moderate, most of the crew were sent aloft to attend to necessary jobs to the rigging and sails. A quarrel ensued, when one of the men killed another by driving a sail-needle into his brain, and stowed the body in a sail in the top. Night coming on, and the man being missed, he was supposed to have accidentally fallen overboard, the sailors all denying any knowledge of what had become of the missing man. In the middle-watch, when every noise was hushed on board, and in a dead calm, there came from aloft a voice, loud and sepulchral, reaching every ear on board, saying "Let go! let go! let go!" and down came heavily upon the deck the corpse of a man, with a sail-needle sticking in the head. All hands were immediately called, and the captain held a formal examination of each one on board, and they all at once denied all knowledge of the occurrence. After every inducement was tendered and every threat exhausted in order to elicit the truth, without success, the captain finally resorted to the following method to unravel the difficulty. He ordered the body to be placed in the centre of the deck, and each sailor to pass in a circle around it, and touch the needle, saying that the guilty man's touch would cause the blood to flow from the wound. The last man approached, with whitened lips and faltering steps, and, lo! the blood rushed from the wound, and the murderer stood convicted.

From that time "Luncan's Light" has, in each night during the stormy month of September, cast its dread rays over the shoals of Cape Cod.

FUNERAL HONORS PAID TO GEN. PERSIFER F. SMITH AT CINCINNATI.

We alluded, a few days since, to the death of the veteran soldier, General Persifer F. Smith, who had just been placed in command of the Utah army. We are now enabled to engrave two of the scenes which marked the transmission of his remains through Cincinnati, on their way to their final resting-place at Philadelphia.

The demonstration was characteristic of the public spirit that has always animated the citizens of the Great West's "Queen City."

As soon as an intimation had been received that the remains would pass through the city, Colonel Buchanan, of the United States Newport barracks, located on the Ohio River, directly opposite Cincinnati, consulted with the military gentlemen of the city, and intrusted to them the general arrangements for the reception and escort. The remains arrived on Wednesday (26th), at about three o'clock P.M., in charge of Adams & Co.'s Express, and accompanied by Lieutenants Wheaton and Drum, of General Smith's staff. They were immediately taken in charge by detachments of the United States troops commanded by Lieutenant Whistler, and the Cincinnati Rover Guards, under Lieutenant H. G. Kennett, and escorted to the Melodeon Hall upon a field-piece, which had been arranged as a funeral-car, appropriately draped in mourning for that purpose.

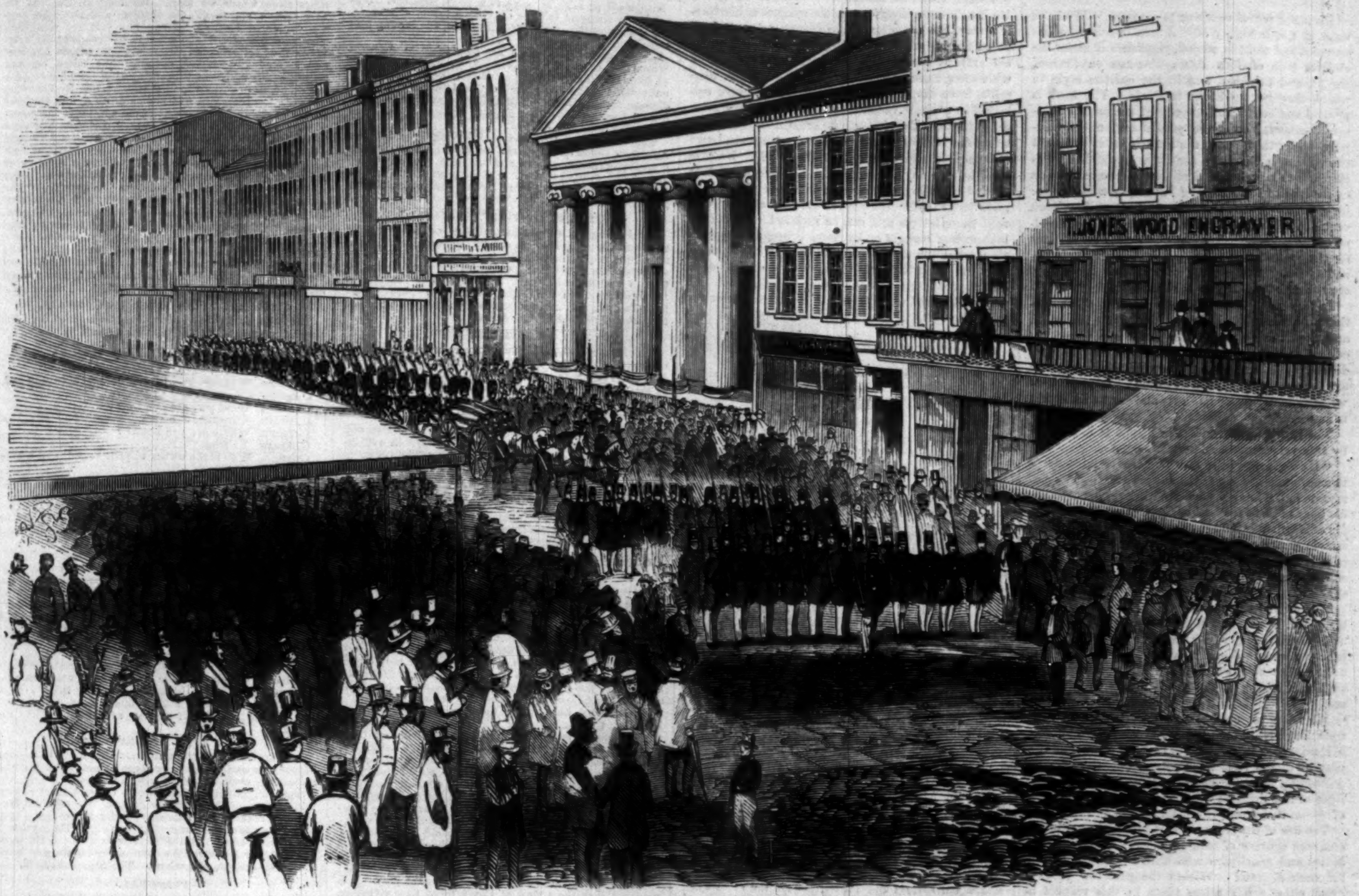
In the Hall an officers' marquee had been pitched in military style, the American flag flying in front at half-mast, the roof of the tent covered with the stars and stripes, and the poles, curtains, and walls festooned with black cloth. Beneath the canopy was erected a temporary mausoleum, to receive the corpse; and the entire surroundings were deeply solemn, significant, and appropriate. Here the remains of the gallant chief, who had so often periled his life for his country's honor, were laid in state, covered by the flag he had for many years so bravely defended. They remained here in charge of the "Rovers" as a guard of honor during the remainder of the day and night, and until five o'clock on Thursday morning. During the entire time sentinels paced around the couch of death in solemn silence, only interrupted by an occasional low but sharp "*qui vive*," or by the necessary guard mounting at regular intervals.

Several thousand citizens, ladies and gentlemen, visited the scene up to a late hour, but a profound stillness prevailed, and the impressiveness of the occasion suffered no rude disturbance. Besides the guards, a staff of officers kept quiet vigil within the marquee.

At daybreak the low roll of the muffled drum summoned the troops to "fall in," and the remains were conveyed to the Little Miami dépôt, escorted by the Rover Guards and a delegation of officers, including Generals W. H. Lytle and staff, and C. H. Sargent and staff. In the original programme it had been arranged that the entire third brigade (General Sargent's) should form the departing escort. The troops were under arms several hours on Wednesday afternoon; but the uncertainty of the time and mode of departure, until a late hour in the day, compelled the abandonment of this design.

In our first engraving the artist has depicted the approach of the escort to the Melodeon, the column extending from the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets eastward on Fourth. St. Paul's Episcopal Church is brought into the view on the right. The company in front are the United States troops from Newport barracks; that in the rear the Rover Guards, in their magnificent uniform of scarlet, blue, and buff, and bear-skin hats. This company had sixty men on duty for twenty-four hours.

The second picture represents the interior of the



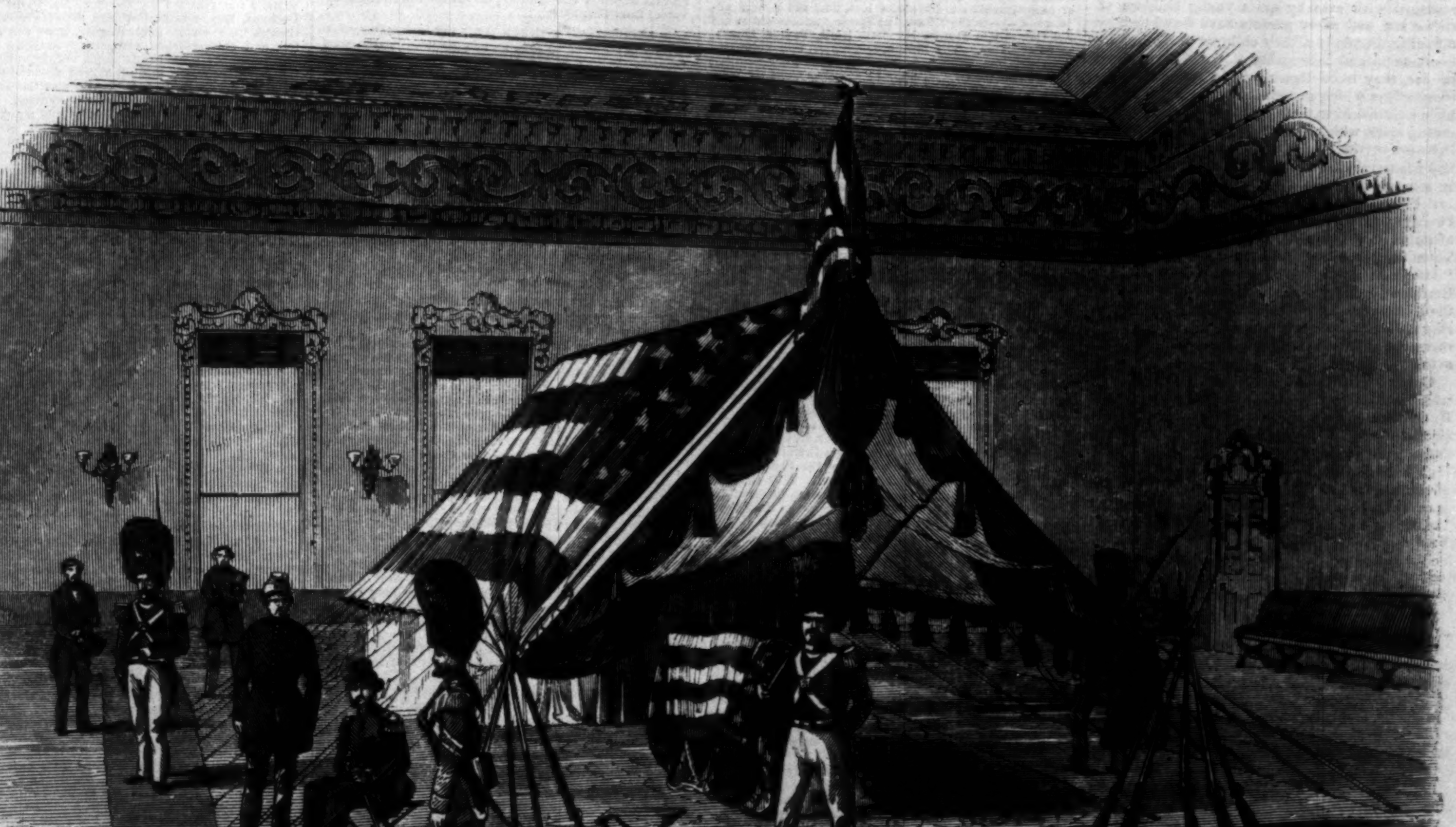
FUNERAL HONORS TO GENERAL SMITH AT CINCINNATI.—THE APPROACH OF THE ESCORT TO THE MELODEON.

hall and the marquee beneath which the remains reposed, with the sentinels and officers on duty. These views were photographed by Faris, of Cincinnati.

The particulars of General Smith's life are already well known to our readers through the newspapers. We will only state here that he was born in Philadelphia, in November, 1798; his father, Jonathan Smith, was cashier first of the Bank of Pennsylvania, then of the United States Bank. His maternal grandfather, Persifer Frazer, was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Revolutionary army. The future General graduated at Princeton, studied law in Philadelphia, and practiced in New Orleans, where he resided for many years of his life, and filled various civil and judicial offices. He had always a passion for arms; but his first service was in the Seminole war, to the scene of which he repaired at the head of a regiment of volunteers. His services there gained him the respect and attention of his chiefs. Generals Scott, Gaines, and Taylor.

On the conclusion of this service he returned to his judicial duties in New Orleans, where he remained until 1846, when General Taylor needing reinforcements on the Rio Grande, Smith in six weeks raised, equipped, and organized five regiments of volunteers, and at once marched to Taylor's assistance. For his services at Monterey he was breveted Brigadier-General; distinguished himself farther at Contreras, Cherubusco, Chapultepec, before the city of Mexico, and was one of the officers who negotiated the armistice. For his services at Contreras he was breveted Major-General.

Since the conclusion of the war he has held command successively in California, Texas, the Department of the West, and, finally, on the 15th of April last, he received command of the troops in the Department of Utah. He had suffered for some time from chronic diarrhea, to which disease he finally succumbed. The prominent features of the deceased General character were great tact, excellent judgment, the most agreeable and impressive manners, and an intense military enthusiasm. He was in every sense fitted for military command, and is a brilliant instance of the natural American talent for warlike operations, by which, in times of need, our country has often obtained her best servants from the ranks of her citizen soldiery. In private life he was a most genial and estimable man.



THE MARQUEE.

LITERARY.

BOOKS of travel continue to increase. We have none to speak highly of. A gentleman who has traveled and written a book, publishes it under the curious title of THE PARA PAPERS on France, Egypt, and Ethiopia, and in the curious style in which they get up books in Paris. The book is printed and bound in France, with the name of Mason Brothers, New York, publishers, on the title-page, under the name of the French publisher; and the volume is, therefore, almost as far-fetched as its title, which travelers in the East will recognize as an equivalent to The Farthing Papers, or a little less: for a para is about the fifth part of an American cent. The author does not under-estimate the value of his papers. Such books are poor substitutes for the guide-books out of which they are made up, and as assistants to those who stay at home they are not as interesting as old Murrays.

In this volume we have the account of the author's observations in Paris, his travels to Egypt, and the Nile voyage. The book is a somewhat odd mixture, as the countries described would indicate. His impressions of the French and France are very commonplace. It would be impossible to write as many pages on Paris and say as little that is new.

The result of his studies in Egypt is illustrated by this very remarkable exclamation:

"How glaring have become here the misconceptions of man! How fallacious his attempts to consecrate to Divinity the meagre works of his own feeble hands! Did the God of Egypt require the temple of Karnak? Did the God of Israel require the temple of Solomon? If so, would he have allowed a Mohammedan mosque to rise over the ruins of the one, and the bat alone to abide in the other?"

The logic of the argument is not quite intelligible. Mr. Ditson has published heretofore a volume on Circassia, which we have not seen. The poor paper and miserable typography which characterize this book should warn him against placing an English book in the hands of French publishers.

We have received a very excellent little book from England, which teaches HOW TO WORK THE MICROSCOPE, in a course of lectures on the manipulation of the instrument, by Mr. Beale, who rejoices in a series of honorary titles which fill three lines of fine print on the title-page of his book, but of whom it was never our fortune before to hear.

The use of the microscope is becoming one of the common sources of amusement and instruction for ladies and gentlemen who have some leisure-time for such disposal. Within the past few years a great change has taken place in this respect in America. Private investigations in science are now quite common. Astronomical, chemical, and general philosophical instruments are found in libraries and private laboratories throughout the country. One can hardly pass Pike's elegant store on Broadway and contrast it with the little shop in which that name became famous in former years, without wondering at the elegance of the instruments which fill his cases, and wondering as well who can be the purchasers of such wares. But a visit to almost any well-furnished library in the city reveals the answer to such a query, and the observatories of the Rutherfords and Van Arsdales show the extent to which American gentlemen are carrying their love of scientific investigation.

The microscope is an instrument which may be managed with ease by quite young children of either sex, and many parents have found that by directing the minds of their children to the infinite amusement and instruction to be derived from its use, they have diverted their minds from the temptations which surround them in city life, and have established in them an inquiring and investigating spirit which will result in a most excellent influence on their characters. If any parent has a boy whose mind is active, and who seeks constantly some new source of pleasure, let him apply to Mr. Pike for a microscope, which will cost from twenty to fifty dollars, and give the boy one drop of stagnant water in which to find strange things. Then furnish him with such a book as Gosse's "Life in its lower forms" (published by Carter & Brothers), or Lippincott's edition of "Carpenter on the Microscope," and we answer for it the boy will stay at home in the evenings, and the only trouble thereafter will be to keep him from destroying his eyes.

Carter & Brothers publish a remarkable book, which is THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MRS. HARRIET B. COOKE. This lady is well known in private circles as a teacher whose success has been great, and whose personal worth has given her a very high social position. Her life has not been one of adventure, nor of startling incident. But it has been one whose effects will be felt hereafter, and the rolls of eternity will doubtless show it to have been not without its importance in this world.

We call the book remarkable, because it is of a new class. It consists chiefly of sketches of personal intercourse with her fellow men and women—people whose lives were unknown, but whose religious affections and emotions she became acquainted with and describes. The conversion of many of her friends and pupils and their religious history forms the basis of many chapters. Any one who will imagine what have been the chief events in the life of a lady who has devoted herself to the education of the young, whose Christian feelings are very strong and form the governing principle of her life and action, can judge what this book is. The lady's style is excellent. She writes boldly, freely, and well. She quotes aptly, and her book is, therefore, one of decided literary merit. These first sentences are characteristic of the whole book: "I never was *a child*. Trained by an ambitious father and an industrious and intellectual mother, my earliest recollections find me at the age of four seated in my little chair beside my mother, learning 'to make papa's shirts,' and committing to memory from her lips passages from Thomson's 'Seasons' and other favorite authors."

Dr. Duff's letters from Calcutta have been among the most valuable accounts of the war in India. He has been on the ground, has written in his fearless way, has condemned the Government and exposed the iniquities of past misrule in India, and his articles have made a sensation in England which few have equaled, none, not even Mr. Russell's, have surpassed. These letters are now collected in a small volume and published by Carter & Brothers. The collection forms a succinct and excellent history of the rebellion, with abundance of anecdote and personal incident. Dr. Duff is well known in America, and no indorsement is needed of his high character for veracity as well as good judgment. We apprehend that no man can read these letters and not be satisfied that the rebellion was brought on by gross wrong and oppression—that the course of Government has been to degrade Christianity in the eyes of the Hindoos—and that the future must be very different from the past if England would retain her possessions or restore their quiet.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 31st May, in the Senate, the question of the British aggressions was taken up, and speeches thereon made by Senators Toombs, Hammond, Crittenden, Wilson, and Mallory. The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was also discussed, but no vote was taken.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Marshall, the artists' memorial for the establishment of an art commission, was referred to a committee. The Paraguay Senate resolution was taken up, and, after speeches by Messrs. Ritchie, Letcher, Crawford, and Davis, passed by 115 to 79. The supplemental Indian Appropriation Bill was taken up, and laid aside to be reported, as also was the Volunteer Appropriation Bill, speeches being made meantime on the Kansas question, and on various incidental topics, by Messrs. Smith of Virginia, Marshall, Morris, Jones, Shaw, Stephens, Andrews, Hatch, and Goodwin.

On Tuesday, 1st June, in the Senate, Senator Mason introduced a bill empowering the President to issue letters of special reprisal against citizens of any Central or South American Government, in the cases specified in the bill, and regulating the manner in which such reprisals shall be had. The first section of the bill (which alone apparently is not restricted in its application) reads as follows:

A Bill to Restrain and Redress Outrages upon the Flag and Citizens of the United States.

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That in cases of flagrant violation of the laws of nations, by outrage upon the flag, soil, or citizens of the United States, or upon their property, under circumstances requiring prompt redress, and when, in the opinion of the President, delay would be incompatible with the honor and dignity of the republic, the President is hereby authorized to employ such force as he may deem necessary to prevent the perpetration of such outrages, and to obtain just redress and satisfaction for the same when perpetrated; and it shall be his duty to lay the facts of each case, together with the reasons of his action in the premises, before Congress, at the earliest practicable moment, for such further action thereon as Congress may direct."

Senators Mason, Gwin, and Houston spoke in favor and Senator Seward against the bill. An attempt to make it the special order for Wednesday was voted down by 27 majority. Senator Seward moved an amendment to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, that the public lands in Kansas shall not be offered for sale till 1st November, 1859; lost, by 17 to 33. Senator Seward also moved an amendment providing $54,000 for the improvement of the St. Clair Flats; lost, by 20 to 20. Senator Pugh moved an amendment granting $450,000 for the improvement of various Western harbors and rivers; lost, by 23 to 26. Senator Pugh then moved to strike out appropriations for life-boats and life-saving stations on the Atlantic coast; lost, by 17 to 31. Senator Pugh moved to reduce the appropriation for the Coast Survey from $250,000 to $150,000; lost, by 11 to 34. A few other amendments were likewise lost, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Speaker announced as the Art Committee Messrs. Marshall, Keitt, Taylor, Morris, and Pendleton. The Indian, Deficiency, and Volunteer Appropriation Bills were passed. The Fort Snelling Report was then taken up, and speeches were made by Messrs. Morrill, Faulkner, Morris, Florence, Dawes, Bishop, Grow, Phelps, Cavanaugh, Stanton, Burnett, Bingham, Letcher, Marshall, and Hughes.

On Wednesday, June 2, in the Senate, Senator Houston's Protectorate of Mexico was taken up, and his resolutions negatived by 30 to 16. The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and several amendments proposed and lost.——In the House, the Fort Snelling Report was again under consideration, and elicited speeches from Messrs. Clark, of New York, Smith, of Illinois, Barksdale, Pettit, and Russell. Resolutions offered by Mr. Clark, of New York, were proposed to be substituted for those of the Committee, but were rejected by 88 to 108. The Committee resolutions were then tabled by 83 to 76. Some further discussion took place with regard to the right of Mr. Fuller, of Dacotah, and Mr. Kingsbury, of Minnesota, to occupy a seat in the House. No vote was taken.

On Thursday, 3d, in the Senate, it was resolved, on motion of Senator Hamlin, to adjourn on 14th inst. Senator Douglas introduced a bill to revive and put in force the act of March 3, 1839, in relation to the north-eastern boundary, with such modifications as will make it applicable to the present controversy in regard to the right of search and visitation. The bill thus revived puts at the disposal of the President, to be used when necessary to resist the claims of Great Britain, the naval and military forces and the militia of the United States, and authorizes him to call into service fifty thousand volunteers; also puts at his disposal ten millions of dollars, with the right to borrow the same; also, if he deems necessary, to send a special embassador to Great Britain. The act is to continue in force for sixty days after the next meeting of Congress. The bill confers these powers in the precise language of the act of 1839, except that it strikes out the word "boundary" and inserts "visitation and right of search," with a few other verbal alterations—conferring, in fact, the same power on Mr. Buchanan as was conferred on Mr. Van Buren. The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was passed by 35 to 13.——In the House, it was decided that the admission of Minnesota as a State dissolved her Territorial organization, and that no Territorial delegate could occupy a seat in the House. A resolution of Mr. Davis calling on the President to capture the British cruisers in the Gulf of Mexico was, after some debate, referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The House adopted the Senate resolution for extending the session, but substituted Thursday next as the day for adjournment.

On Friday, 4th, in the Senate, Senator Douglas reported against the Territorial organization of Dacotah. On motion of Senator Seward, the House amendment to the Senate resolution regarding adjournment was adopted. Several private bills were then passed.——In the House, several private bills were discussed. Mr. Bocock introduced a bill for the construction of ten war steamships. Mr. John Cochrane gave notice of an amendment providing for twenty instead of ten. Objected to.

On Saturday, 5th, in the Senate, Senator Houston announced the death of his colleague, Senator Henderson. Eulogies were pronounced by Senators Davis, Crittenden, Reid, Hayne, and Seward.——In the House, the decease was announced, and the customary eulogies pronounced by Messrs. Bryan and Quitman.

THE BRITISH OUTRAGES IN CONGRESS.

Senator Douglas's bill, which is nearly a *fac-simile* of that passed in 1839, he says is a peace measure. It is evidently designed to place the responsibility of preserving the national honor on the President, and forcing him to redeem his pledges.

Lord Napier has desired his dispatches to Admiral Stewart, sent from Washington last week, to be forwarded from Halifax by special steamer to Bermuda. It is understood that he has advised the Admiral to order a discontinuance of the visitation of American vessels pending the instructions of her Majesty's government. The dispatches have left Halifax.

The report of a British vessel having fired into an American vessel off Pensacola and killed a man, created a profound sensation here, and has been the subject of strong and excited remark in the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. The report lacks confirmation and is generally disbelieved.

THE CASE OF THE "ADRIATIC."

Mr. Burlingame's report, unanimously concurred in by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, is accompanied by a resolution requesting the President to obtain redress on account of the conduct of the French Government relative to the American bark *Adriatic*. The report also recommends a revision of the laws in reference to collisions at sea, and an arrangement by which the damages may be determined in such cases.

THE COLLINS STEAMERS.

The Senate Committee on Finance have resolved to change the terminus of the Collins line of steamers from Liverpool to Southampton, agreeably to the application of Mr. Collins. The prospect is, then, that this line will commence its transatlantic service again immediately.

THE "PEOPLE'S PARTY."

Some of the papers have announced the formation of a new political party called the People's Party. A well-informed Washington correspondent says: "The professed programme of the 'People's Party' of the Union, sent from here, was concocted by a few irresponsible individuals, having no authority to use any of the names which have been published in connection with the movement. The whole affair is disclaimed by men such as Messrs. Crittenden, Bell, Marshall, and the like, whose influence has been impertinently assumed to prop up the scheme.

GOVERNOR CUMMING EXPELLED FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

A dispatch from Leavenworth, the 1st, says that intelligence from Camp Scott to the 6th of May had been received at the Fort. On that day two Mormons came into the Camp from Salt Lake City, having dispatches from Governor Cumming for Secretary Cass. The troops were expected to move toward the Valley by the end of May. Nothing was known at the camp, at the date mentioned, of any proceedings within the city. The foregoing came by mail to the fort. The expressman who brought it supplies the following additional particulars.

He left Fort Laramie on the 18th of May. At Fort Kearney, the commanding officer directed him to inform Colonel Monroe that he had information that Governor Cumming had been expelled from Salt Lake City, and that the Mormons were in arms, determined to resist the army to the last, and requesting Colonel Monroe to push on as speedily as possible. This communication, it is understood, was received at Fort Kearney through the mail brought by this messenger, to whom it was committed probably for lack of time. Colonel Hoffman's command was met seventy-five miles beyond Fort Laramie. They had encountered snow two or three feet deep and had lost many animals. All the streams were very high. The Peace Commissioners had passed Fort Laramie; they were obliged to swim the Flatte at that post. It is reported that the troops at Camp Scott were living on mule meat. No official information had been received at the Fort, but the authority furnishing this intelligence is regarded as unquestionable.

The last news is to the effect that the rumored expulsion of Governor Cumming from Salt Lake is unfounded, but that Captain Marcy's troop has been intercepted by the Mormons. All these stories must be received with great caution.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

We have more news of outrages and murders in Kansas, committed by the political ruffians. Montgomery, who seems to have been the leader on one side, has been ordered to disband his men and surrender his commission in the Territorial militia. Governor Denver has sent to the scene of the disturbances for information, and promises to take effectual measures to put a stop to them.

The instructions of General Cass to the Governor, in regard to the election, are published. The Commissioners have fixed upon the 2d of August as the day of election. This is the day of the state election in Missouri, and its selection will tend to prevent the introduction of voters from that State.

SUCCESSFUL EMEUTE AT NEW ORLEANS.

On the night of 2d inst. an emeute broke out at New Orleans. A body calling itself the Vigilance Committee, in large numbers, took possession of the Arsenal, Jackson Square, and the armories. On the morning of 3d, the Executive Committee called for all law and order people to join them, and announced a determination to carry their measures out. Cannon were posted about the Arsenal, and about two hundred armed men were on guard. In the course of the day the Vigilance Committee rallied a large force of men, and tore up the streets and erected barricades with cotton-bales. The Mayor seems to have done nothing. On [illegible]th, he resigned the police authority into the hands of the Vigilance Committee, who appointed a police of 1000 men. The Vigilance party were commanded by Major Duncan, late of United States Army. At latest accounts, however, a collision was still apprehended between the Vigilance Committee and the people. One man had already been shot.

PROCLAMATION OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

The following was the proclamation of the Vigilance Committee:

"CITIZENS OF NEW ORLEANS!—After years of disorder, outrage, and unchecked assassination, the people, unable and unwilling either to bow down in unresisting submission to a set of ruffians, or to abandon the city in which their business, their social sympathies, and their affections cluster, have at length risen in their might, have quietly taken possession of the arsenal and the buildings in Jackson Square, and have established there the head-quarters of a Vigilance Committee, pledging each to the other to maintain the rights inviolable of every peaceful and law-abiding citizen; restore public order, abate crime, and expel or punish, as they may determine, such notorious robbers and assassins as the arm of the law, either from the infidelity of its public servants or the inefficiency of the laws themselves, has left unwhipped of justice.

"In the present the ordinary machinery of police justice is superseded—the Mayor and the Recorders, as we understand, yielding up the power which they confess their inability to exercise for the preservation of the public peace and the security of property; and the Vigilance Committee will, therefore, provisionally act in their stead, administering to each and every malefactor the punishment due to his crimes, without heat, prejudice, or political bias.

"All citizens who have sympathies with this movement, and who think the time has come when New Orleans shall be governed like all other well-ordered and civilized communities, will report themselves, without delay, at the principal office, where the character of this movement will be explained and the determination of the people more fully made known.

"All has been done noiselessly thus far. All will continue noiselessly, dispassionately, and justly. But the ruffians who have dyed our streets with the gore of unoffending citizens, and spread terror among the peaceable, orderly, and well disposed, *must leave or perish*.

"So the people have determined. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*"

THE LATEST BRITISH OUTRAGE.—CASE OF THE "MIRIANUS."

Captain Parkes of the *Mirianus* reports the following British outrage: We sailed from Black River Harbor, Kingston, Jamaica, with a cargo of logwood for New York. On the 20th of May last, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in longitude 82 degrees 10 minutes, and latitude 24 degrees 19 minutes, we discovered a steamer on the lee bow of the brig, at the distance of seven or eight miles from where we were. We kept on the way we were sailing, and so did the steamer and the other vessels for about half an hour. The steamer was then within the distance of about 300 or 400 yards of the brig. When thus far from us she steered up across our bow and hoisted the English ensign. We sailed on, not taking much notice of this, imagining the ship to be a merchant, or perhaps a mail steamer. She then backed her sails, lay before us and fired a gun. I now thought that it was a vessel wanting to send a letter to some port to which we might be bound, but not caring to lose time in bringing the vessel to when we had such a favorable wind, I still kept on my course. The steamer was now within about 200 yards of us, and she fired a revolver or rifle-shot. I now ordered the vessel to be hove to, in the mean time a boat was lowered from the quarter of the steamer into the water. The American flag was now flying from the peak of the brig, and she was lying to, waiting for the arrival of the boat which it was evident was coming alongside. On the boat coming close I saw that there were eight men in her, and one officer, who was in uniform. On drawing the boat alongside our vessel the officer jumped on board the brig and walked aft to where I was, without ceremony.

THE ORDERS TO BRITISH GUN-BOATS.

The following conversation then took place near the cabin of my vessel, and it was commenced by the officer addressing me thus:

OFFICER. Are you the captain of this vessel?

CAPTAIN PARKES. Yes, I am the captain.

OFFICER. What are you loaded with on this voyage?

CAPTAIN. I have a cargo of logwood, from Jamaica.

OFFICER. What port are you from?

CAPTAIN. Kingston, Jamaica.

OFFICER. Where are you bound?

CAPTAIN. To New York.

OFFICER. Who is the owner of your vessel, and where does he live?

CAPTAIN. R. Lane, of New York, is the owner of the vessel.

After this he did not ask any more questions; but I resumed the conversation by asking the officer where he was from. He answered; "We have been out from England about four months."

Then, said I to him, "What are you doing out here?"

"I am cruising on the coast of Florida, looking out for slavers," he replied. I then remarked, in an inquiring way, "You would not certainly take my vessel for a slaver?" And he said, "No; but my orders are to board every one of you." I then thought of the circumstance of his passing the vessels that were ahead of us, and steering on for our vessel; so I observed, "You did not stop those vessels ahead of us as you did this one?" and he remarked, "No, we did not, for those are British vessels." I did not say any more on that subject, but concluded that vessels showing British colors are allowed to pass by British men-of-war, when those that display the American flag are unnecessarily detained.

THE STYX AT KEY WEST.

A letter from Key West says: "The British steamer *Styx*, Commander Vesey, has been in port since the 22d, recruiting, overhauling boilers, repairing the ship, watering, etc. Captain Vesey denies the statement of Captain Howes, of the schooner *Mobile*. He says he fired into her because she refused to hoist her colors. Captain Vesey has acted under instructions. He says he is commander of all the British vessels in the Gulf, is responsible for the acts of the commanders of the gun-boats *Buzzard*, *Jasper*, and others. The *Styx* has sailed."

PERSONAL.

The correspondent of the *Times* gives the following account of the ball at the British Embassy on the Queen's birthday: "Apart from the war-cloud, the entertainment was a brilliant one. Lord Napier opened the first dance with Miss Lane, and had General Robles, with Mrs. Senator Douglas as a *vis-à-vis*. All the *Corps Diplomatique*, the officers of the army, the navy, and the marine corps appeared in full uniform. Vice-President Breckinridge and Mr. Speaker Orr each headed a large delegation of the bodies over which they preside, and the Departments were well represented. Prominent among the ladies were Mesdames Crittenden, Jeff Davis, Montgomery, Blair, Appleton, Ledyard, Craig and Clayton, with Mademoiselles Cass, Saunders, King, and others. Arabella regretted the absence of Madame de Stoeckl, who has been quite indisposed of late, and was told that M. Van Limburg, Minister-Resident of the Netherlands, intends to follow a good example, and wed an American wife.

That same evening there was another wedding at the "West end," at the corner of I and Twentieth streets, the residence of the Hon. Robert J. Walker. Miss Mary Walker was married (by the Rev. Dr. Pyne) to Adrian Deshone, Esq., a brother of Mrs. Senator Slidell, and although there was no great display, there was a most select and distinguished company. Arabella went into raptures over a set of pearls which were prominent among the bridal presents, and all agreed that the lovely and accomplished Miss Saunders, who was the first bridesmaid, never appeared to greater advantage. The happy pair receive their friends to-day, and many who have not shaken hands since the Lecompton question was started, will, doubtless, cordially join in pledging the bride.

The trial of General Walker for violation of the neutrality laws concluded in a disagreement by the jury, ten of that body being for acquittal, and two for conviction. Judge Campbell's charge was extremely partial and stringent. A new trial was urged immediately by Walker. The District Attorney entered a *nolle prosequi*.

F. N. W. Burton, Secretary of State of Tennessee, in consequence of being charged with having defrauded the State of a large amount of money, has resigned his office.

John P. Stockton, of New Jersey, has been appointed Minister to Switzerland. Joseph R. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, will probably go to Rome. J. P. O'Sullivan, of California, has been appointed Consul at Singapore, and J. N. Heine, of Georgia, Consul to Turks Island.

The applicants for the mission to Paraguay are already very numerous. The names of Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Florida, Mr. Harris, late of the *Union*, Mr. Cheson, and General Burgess, of Rhode Island, are strongly pressed.

Ex-President Van Buren has arrived at the New York Hotel from Kinderhook, on a visit to the city for a few days. Mr. Van Buren looks remarkably well, and is in the enjoyment of most excellent health for a man over threescore-and-ten years.

Since the Senate have evening sessions, Vice-President Breckinridge has ordered the private drinking-room of the Senate to be closed.

The Hon. S. A. Eliot, Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, and Professor Felton, are named as candidates for the Presidency of Harvard College, shortly to be vacated by Rev. Dr. Walker.

The Judiciary Committee on Judge Watrous's case, after a most searching, expensive, and prolonged investigation, are equally divided as to their report.

Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, of the United States Navy, died last week at his residence in Georgetown, District of Columbia. Commodore Jones was of Welsh descent. He was a native of Virginia, and was born in the year 1789. He entered the navy as a midshipman in the year 1805, and received his commission as a captain in 1829. He was first brought prominently into public notice in the year 1814, at the time when the British naval expedition against New Orleans entered Lake Borgne. Commodore Jones, then a lieutenant, had command of a division of five gun-boats, carrying 23 guns and 183 men. The British force that he was appointed to intercept consisted of forty or fifty barges or boats built for this special duty, carrying 42 guns, and six or eight hundred men. After a gallant resistance the little American flotilla was compelled to surrender, Lieutenant Jones having been early disabled by a shot. His conduct in the affair was universally commended. That the victory was dearly bought by the British is proved by the fact that their loss, as officially reported, was 94—more than half the number of Americans engaged, and, by American witnesses of the affair, the loss is even said to have been three or four hundred.

In 1842, when he had command of the Pacific squadron, while lying at Callao, he received, unofficially, information which led him to believe that a war between the United States and Mexico was inevitable. He was also led to believe that through intrigues at Mexico a cession of Mexican territory to Great Britain was contemplated. He suddenly set sail with a squadron of four vessels, in order to forestall the supposed designs of the British Admiral. On arriving before Monterey, some circumstances confirmed his suspicions; he summoned the Governor to surrender the place, which was done, and on the 20th of October, 1842, the American flag rose over the old fort, and a proclamation was issued, explaining to the people the strange movement.

For this indiscreet but well-meant seizure of Monterey, in a time of peace, Commodore Jones was suspended from service for a time, and in 1855 was placed upon the Reserved List by the Naval Board.

A young lady in Cincinnati, Miss Fanny Hall, has received damages of $3500 against one Vandergriff, and other parties, for false imprisonment. She was confined for six months in the Lunatic Asylum, through the instrumentality of the officers of the church to which she belonged, but was proved to be sane, and was then discharged. The suit has been tried three times. The first jury gave her a verdict of $10,000. A new trial was had, and the jury failed to agree. The third time she was again successful, and this ends the case.

By a vote of the Baltimore Common Council, the remains of John M'Donogh (of contested-will fame) are to be removed from New Orleans to Baltimore. Two thousand dollars are appropriated for the purpose.

Letters from ex-President Pierce, at Madeira, announce his intention to leave for Lisbon on the 1st of June. Mrs. Pierce is still an invalid, but her health has been improved by her voyage.

The *Evening Post* understands that General Houston, immediately after the adjournment of Congress, contemplates an expedition into Mexico with a company of four or five thousand men, who are anxious to follow the hero of the Alamo to new conquests. Walker and Henningsen do not inspire the adventurous youth of the South with confidence, and it has been signified to General Houston that, if he would lead them, there were thousands ready to follow him to any part of Mexico. The understanding is that they are to Texasize another slice of Mexico, and bring it into the Union, and, with it, Houston into the Senate.

Mr. Everett, since November last, has delivered his Oration on Washington twenty-three times, with aggregate net receipts (for the Mount Vernon Fund) of $14,645, and has spoken on "Charity" fourteen times. The aggregate receipts from the delivery of these two orations, in six months, is stated at $17,078.

Henry W. Pratt, the Teller of the Grafton (Massachusetts) Bank, who robbed that institution of $12,000, has been sentenced by the Court at Worcester to a year and a half in the House of Correction. "In view of the fact," says the Boston *Traveller*, "that he attempted to fasten the crime upon an honest man—the Cashier of the Bank—by slipping a roll of the stolen bills into his pocket, we must say that he has been dealt with in a remarkably lenient manner."

The Rev. Dr. Bowman, the new Assistant-Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania, is a native of that State, and fifty-eight years of age. He has been for thirty years rector of St. James's, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Dr. Bernard, lately acquitted of the attempt to murder the Emperor of the French, announces his intention to deliver an oration in Greenwich, England, on the "Present state of France, Politically considered."

Mr. George W. Curtis is to deliver the annual address at the Rensselaer County Fair, to be held in Troy next September.

M'Henry, *alias* Townsend, who had so much trouble in Canada, has taken to lecturing since his release. He visited Parliament last week, and was conspicuous.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE British Ministry have not been defeated. On Friday, 21st, in the House of Commons, the vote of censure was taken up, and after numerous and repeated calls upon Mr. Cardwell by the Liberal members to withdraw his resolution, that gentleman, with the concurrence of Lords Palmerston and John Russell, and with the authority of the House generally, consented, and the resolution and amendments were finally withdrawn, thus virtually giving the Ministers a triumph.

Mr. Disraeli, in giving his consent to the withdrawal, said the resolution was avowedly brought forward as a censure upon the conduct of the Government. If he consented to its withdrawal, it must be clearly understood that he did so, not because the Government shrunk from the consequences that would follow if it were adopted. Whatever the result might be, they looked forward to it without apprehension, and even now were ready to encounter the consequences of a division. So far as the debate was concerned, he thought he might say that no Ministry on their trial could look back upon a discussion with greater satisfaction. The opposition to the motion had been maintained, not by the Administration, for they had wisely and properly withdrawn as much as possible from the debate, but by members not connected with the Government in politics, and by men inferior to none in intellectual character and authority. He consented to the withdrawal of the motion not for the sake of the Government, but for the sake of India and the best interests of the empire. In so doing he appealed to the language of all their dispatches to show that the Government had given to Lord Canning a most cordial and complete support, and he would mention that since Lord Ellenborough's dispatch had been sent out, the Government had communicated with Lord Canning, informing him that he might rely upon their continued confidence and support.—[Cheers.]

The House of Commons then adjourned to the 28th.

PROSPECT OF TROUBLE WITH NAPLES.

On Friday, the 21st, in the House of Lords, Lord Malmesbury stated he had received a reply from the Government of Naples in answer to the claim of indemnity, which he understood to be a refusal, and which he had treated as such. Within the last two hours, however, he had received a dispatch informing him that it was not a positive refusal, but simply an argumentative reply.

DEATH OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

The Duchess of Orleans expired on 18th ult. at her residence at Richmond, to the inexpressible grief of her sons, the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, and the other members of the exiled Royal family of France.

The demise of her Royal Highness is a deep affliction to the Ex-Queen Amelie, whose only consolation under the mournful circumstances is the presence of the Duke of Nemours, the Duke and Duchess of Aumale, and Prince and Princess Joinville, who, with their families, are living at Twickenham and Claremont. The lamentable event was quite unexpected. The Duchess only a fortnight since dined at the Marquis of Landsdowne's, and was apparently in excellent health and spirits.

"About half past four in the morning the Duchess expressed some surprise at seeing her physician still at her bedside, and, in reply to a question, said, 'Oh! I do not feel very ill.' He left the room to give some orders, returned in ten minutes, and found she had ceased to breathe. Life had departed without any premonitory signs."

HORRORS OF CHURCH VAULTS.

Dr. Letheby has presented a report on the state of the vaults in the city churches, in which he says:

"In the vaults of twenty-five of the city churches there are not less than 5700 dead bodies, and this number does not include the burials that have taken place under the aisles of the churches. If the same proportion holds in respect of all the city churches, there are about 16,000 corpses beneath the pews occupied by Sunday congregations. In some cases the effluvium from the vaults was most offensive; for although it is the general practice to confine the body in a lead coffin, yet the metal gives way after a longer or a shorter time, and there oozes out a dark, treacle-like liquid, which stinks abominably, and which is, I believe, a most deadly poison. I have seen this escaping from a lead coffin that had been deposited in the vault for more than a hundred years—so that there is no saying for how long a time the mischief of decay and slow corruption may be carried on. Again, the way in which the coffins are piled upon each other, leads to the crushing in of the lowermost of the series, when the wood decays, and then the putrid matter is squashed out through the fissures of the broken coffins. In many cases the vaults are entered by imperfectly-closed traps or doors from the general area of the church, and the vaults are either not ventilated at all, or they are ventilated into the public way, so that there steams out incessantly a poisonous vapor that may be the cause of much mischief."

THE TELEGRAPHIC FLEET.

The telegraphic fleet had all assembled at Plymouth, and would sail on an experimental trip in a few days. It consists of the United States frigate *Niagara*, and the British steamers *Agamemnon*, *Valorous*, *Gorgon*, and *Porcupine*.

THIRTY YEARS OF TRADE.

The Glasgow *Daily Mail* says: "Curious disclosures do take place in the Bankruptcy Court, and much light is thrown by the examinations of bankrupts on the hidden springs of commercial action. The disclosures made by Mr. James Grey, engineer and iron-founder, of this city, in his examination before the sheriff on Wednesday, the 12th instant, stand out in striking relief to the general run of insolvencies. It is simply a case of inexplicable fatuity, under which spell a man could persevere against hope in carrying on a business of which he knew nothing practically, and if possible, less commercially, for upward of thirty years, without having probably in any one transaction ever made a profit. It was nothing but loss from the commencement, and loss continued to the end. The large fortune of a confiding brother was gradually swallowed up in the loam and sand of a ruinous foundry. The handsome competency of trusting sisters was sacrificed to the criminal vanity which would bring ruin upon the nearest and dearest relations rather than confess to misfortune. Mr. Grey never speculated. His private expenses were only £150 a year; and yet, after thirty-two years' trading, he stops payment with a deficit of twenty-six thousand pounds!"

PELISSIER AND AUMALE.

The *Nord* publishes the following anecdote: "The salons of Paris are much occupied with an interview said to have taken place between the Duke d'Aumale and Marshal Pelissier. As so many erroneous statements have been made, I will tell you exactly what happened. Marshal Pelissier was taking a drive in Hyde Park. A carriage passed his. The Marshal was not aware who was in the carriage, but one of his aides-de-camp who was sitting in front told him it was the carriage of the Duke d'Aumale. The Marshal immediately ordered his coachman to drive alongside the carriage which had passed him. When he came up with the Duke's carriage, the Marshal rose and bowed to him. The Prince ordered his carriage to stop and returned the salute. The Marshal then addressed the Prince as follows: 'Monseigneur, I am happy to have this opportunity of presenting my respects to you and asking after your health.' 'And I,' said the Prince, 'am happy to see you and to shake hands with you.' A shaking of hands immediately followed. A few complimentary words were exchanged and the carriages separated. This is all that took place. It must be remembered that Marshal Pelissier served for some time in Algeria under the orders of the Duke d'Aumale."

The *London Times* adds that the "Duke d'Aumale and the Marshal met at a small dinner-party a few days afterward."

FRANCE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

A very shocking duel was fought, on the 14th of May, in the Bois de Vesinay, near St. Germain. M. Henri de Pène, a well-known literary man, who for some time wrote the *feuilleton* in the *Nord* of Brussels, which was signed "Nemo," and who has lately written in the *Figaro* under the same signature, made some playful remarks, in a recent article, about the sub-lieutenants of the army, and said, among other things, that, owing to some new orders concerning their uniform, they would no longer tear ladies' dresses with their spurs. This article gave offense in a mess-room at St. Germain, and in his weekly article of last Sunday "Nemo" observed that he had received a very coarse letter from a person who signed himself "A Sub-Lieutenant," and who talked a great deal more about fighting than a gentleman who means to fight usually does. This article produced a challenge from the sub-lieutenant. When M. de Pène and his seconds got upon the ground they found some twenty officers there, belonging to the garrison of St. Germain. The duel was fought with swords. M. de Pène wounded his antagonist in the wrist, and disabled him.

THE EDITOR ASSASSINATED.

M. de Courtiel advanced politely to M. de Pène, expressed himself gratified that he had met with a man of courage, and that he regretted the occurrence which had led to the meeting. The combatants then shook hands, and according to all the usages of society the matter should have ended, as M. de Pène had given satisfaction to the first sub-lieutenant who had challenged him for an insult to the class.

Hardly, however, had the two separated than one of M. de Courtiel's seconds, M. Hyène, sub-lieutenant in the same regiment, rushed up to M. de Pène, and addressing him rudely, said that he also required an answer to the challenge he had sent. M. de Pène replied that he had no answer to give, and that he placed himself entirely in the hands of his seconds. These declared that M. de Pène was not bound to answer a second individual on the same matter, and that they opposed themselves entirely to another duel. Even M. de Courtiel remonstrated, and declared that he could not be, in turn, second to M. Hyène, as he had just shaken hands with his late antagonist. It was, however, in vain. M. Hyène paid no attention to M. de Courtiel, who was an officer junior to himself. But it must not be thought that either of the two was in extreme youth. M. Hyène had been a sub-lieutenant since 1842, and M. de Courtiel since 1845. The plea of inexperience can hardly be urged in favor of a man who has been at least sixteen years in the service. The seconds, it appears, on both sides declared positively against a second duel, and had taken up the swords, when M. Hyène sprang on M. de Pène, and struck him in the face. M. de Pène then accepted another duel. They fought, and M. Hyène, "*d'une main sûr*," pierced M. de Pène through the lungs. The wounded man tottered, and, as he fell, M. Hyène delivered a second blow, which, it is said, pierced the liver.

AN APPEAL TO THE EMPEROR.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: "M. de Villemessant," the editor of *Figaro*, "who was at his country-house at Blois, gave his consent to the duel with Lieutenant Courtiel; but when he heard of the outrageous conduct of M. Courtiel's second, he immediately hurried to town, went to the Palace, and demanded an interview of the Emperor. Napoleon could not just then see M. de Villemessant, but he sent word to him by his Secretary that he must go immediately to the Minister of Justice who would take the affair in hand. M. de V. did so, and I learn that by order of the Minister of War, M. Hyène has been put under formal arrest, and an investigation has been commenced that will, no doubt, terminate in a Council of War. Lieutenants Grangier and Comminges, on hearing of the result of the double duel, wrote to the Duke de Rovigo—one of M. de Pène's seconds—to declare that they withdrew their challenges, and that they felt deep sympathy in M. de Pène's unfortunate situation. Lieutenant Courtiel, each day, sends from Amiens a telegraphic dispatch inquiring after the condition of the wounded man." The *Times* adds: "Whether justice will be done on the offender in this case it is impossible to say. The unhappy M. de Pène has evidently fallen a victim to that hatred and contempt of civilians, and particularly of all who represent the old political parties, which is prevalent in the French army; and it may be that the army, as the ruling power in France, is too strong to permit M. Hyène to be punished for asserting, as it thinks, the dignity of the service."

POLICE AMENITIES.

In the interior of France the police are still uneasy with respect to those fulminating shells of which the effect was so terrible on the 14th of January. They have received information relative to an Englishman who is the bearer of a certain number of these shells, and who is said to have disembarked already on the French coast. After having during some time searched in vain in the maritime towns, they thought from the description of the individual which had been sent to them that they had discovered, in the person of an Englishman who was about to embark on board a vessel at Havre, the person who had given them so much trouble; but the person in question very soon proved his innocence, and as he had the happiness (and in the circumstances it was a real piece of good fortune) not to be a Frenchman, he has not been deposited in Algeria while the authorities were inquiring into the truth or falsehood of the charges brought against him, as has been the case with many others. In fact, after a detention of a few hours he was set at liberty. At the present day a foreigner who falls into the hands of the police has a hundred times as good a chance of escaping as a Frenchman. If a foreigner is arrested he can appeal for protection to his embassador or consul, who will see that justice is done him; but the poor Frenchman having no such powerful protection is imprisoned, *mis au secret*, exiled, or banished, without having the power or apparently the right to defend himself, and without finding any power, even judiciary, whose protection he can invoke. In all political affairs the police pronounce their decisions finally and without appeal. They are at the same time accusers, judges, and executioners.

THE MARRIAGE LAW IN FRANCE—A CAUTION TO YOUNG WOMEN.

"Another marriage case was lately submitted to the Civil Tribunal. A young man named Ruttinger, having led a very dissipated life at Paris, was sent by his father in 1855 to Lima, in Peru, and there he fell in love with a young woman whose maiden name was Mendoza, and who was widow of General Guido, who at one time was Minister of War of Peru. He proposed marriage to her, but as he had no other position than that of assistant to his brother, a trader at Lima, she did not think fit to accept him. He, however, pressed his suit, and she married him. Her first husband's family were greatly displeased at the marriage, and stopped an allowance of 250 francs a month which they had made her. In two months Ruttinger cruelly abandoned her, though she was *enceinte* at the time. He told her that he was going to North America to seek his fortune, but she afterward learned that he had come to Paris, and in February, 1857, she followed him there. He went to live with her in an apartment in the Rue Coquenard, but in a week he again abandoned her, gave notice to leave the apartment, sold off the furniture, and wrote an insolent letter to the concierge of the house, directing him not to supply her with any thing, and to tell her that 'he (Ruttinger) was tired of her, and that the best thing she could do was to take a lover, if she could find one.' She fell into such distress that some charitable Peruvians here had to raise a subscription to enable her to return to her own country. Yesterday Ruttinger's father and mother applied to the Civil Tribunal to declare the marriage null and void, on the ground that they had not given their consent, and that he being only 23 years, and therefore as regards marriage a minor, such consent was, by Article 182 of the *Code Napoleon*, indispensably necessary; they also urged that it ought to be declared void, because it had not been published and duly registered in France. In the course of the pleadings on their behalf it was stated that the marriage had been a most deplorable one for the young man. The counsel of Madame Guido insisted that the marriage was good, inasmuch as the father and mother of the young man had known of it at the time it was accomplished, or at all events had not protested against it within a year after it came to their knowledge, as the *Code Napoleon* required them to do. The first of these assertions was, however, contradicted by the plaintiffs: and, as to the second, they showed that it was in October last that they had been informed of the marriage, and that in January they had commenced proceedings for having it declared null. The tribunal decided that the want of the parents' consent made the marriage void, but, considering that in contracting it Madame Guido had been ignorant of the French law, it laid down that she should enjoy the civil advantages to which it entitled her. As to the two other points raised by the parents, the tribunal said that the first one being sufficient, it was not necessary to pronounce on them."

LIFE IN PARIS.

A German gentleman was in the pit stalls of the Odeon Theatre the other night, with his son, a handsome lad of fifteen. Between the acts a *sergent-de-ville* bustled up to them, and in a sneering tone of voice, audible throughout the pit, said, "The Commissary of Police desires to speak to you and the lady in his private room." The gentleman astonished, and not a little indignant, rose from his seat, and, followed by his son, was ushered into the presence of the commissary. This functionary addressed him as follows: "Sir, in France a woman is not allowed to appear in public in male attire without authorization. Have you an authorization?" The answer was, "Sir, I do not know what you mean by talking of women: this is a boy." The commissary then surveyed the youth from head to foot, and observing, "Well, I see he has incipient mustaches—that is enough," allowed the parties thus strangely disturbed to depart, but he did not vouchsafe to offer a word of apology.

PARISIAN SPORTS.

The following feats are narrated by the Paris *Sport*: "A member of the Jockey Club a few nights ago wagered that he would walk blindfolded from the club-house, Rue de Grammont, to the Cirque de l'Imperatrice in the Champs Elysées. He accomplished the exploit without difficulty, and on arriving at the Cirque opened the door of the stable and walked in. He went along the Boulevards, the Rue Royale, the Place de la Concorde, and passed through the trees in the Champs Elysées. Another member of the club, the night after, went, for a wager, blindfolded from the club-house to the Cirque, then passed by the Exhibition Palace to the Quai, and then by the Place de la Concorde back to the Rue Royale. He appeared to have studied his route most carefully beforehand, as he counted his steps, and was able to say when he ought to pass before a lamp-post and other objects."

BIRTH EXTRAORDINARY.

A young hippopotamus has been born in the Garden of Plants at Paris. The little creature made its appearance at the top of the water of the tank occupied by its mother about six A.M., on Monday, May 10. After swimming about a while the little thing attempted to get on dry ground, but the descent from the sleeping apartment of the parent hippopotami into their bath not being sloped, it had some difficulty in raising its weight out of the water. The mother then came to the rescue, but in her endeavors to assist her little one up the step managed so to bruise and injure its tender body that it died the same evening.

A MALE ABBESS.

For the last forty years, in the quiet, old, tumble-down city of Versailles, inhabited by decayed Legitimist families, a lady, dressed in the garb of a semi-monastic style, was known to pursue the even tenor of her way, received into the local circles of aristocracy, and in receipt from a noble family of 6000 francs annuity, as ex-abbess of a suppressed monastery. At her death she turns out to be a man. The real abbess must have died in emigration, and a swindler of the rougher sex getting her papers has personated her for nearly half a century. The name of the deceased androgyne was Countess de Solege de Lange. The matter makes no noise; people only shrug up their shoulders.

A GOVERNMENT DEFEAT.

In reference to the Government defeat in the Haut Rhin, the Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "The success of M. Migeon, who never dreamed that he was a man of so much importance, is felt in every official quarter as extremely vexatious and humiliating. No Paris paper has ventured to allude to it; and the *Moniteur* itself passes it over in complete silence. The thing is unprecedented since the establishment of the empire. I look upon this result as more serious than if the whole of the deputies elected for Paris belonged to the Mountain."

GERMANY.

GOVERNOR WRIGHT'S COLD-WATER FESTIVAL.

The correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

"I take pleasure in contradicting, from the word of Mr. Wright himself, the report that was put in circulation some time ago about our Minister's diplomatic dinner at Berlin. It appears that it was not true that the dinner was served with cold water only as a drink. Mr. Wright, although adhering himself to his temperance principles, respects the habits of the country and the position which he occupies, and sets wines before his guests for whoever may wish to use them. He did place corn bread on his table; but it was in order to show to M. de Humboldt, who was one of his guests, as well as the others, that when properly cooked, it was a good and proper article of diet. He had already had a discussion with M. de Humboldt on this subject, in which Mr. Wright had contended that maize was thought impossible food in Prussia simply because it had been indifferently cooked. So, to prove that this was the fact, he had prepared on this occasion six different specimens of corn bread, which he distributed over his table for the tasting of his distinguished guests; and he says that he had the pleasure of hearing them declare, M. de Humboldt with the rest, that he had gained a victory over their prejudices."

ITALY.

HOW THE SARDINIAN PRISONERS ARE TREATED AT NAPLES.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes: The intelligence from Salerno is of a most painful and revolting character, and in the interest of humanity I send it to you, even though you may consider me tedious. Since the appointment of the new keepers, not merely rigor, but even a species of ferocity, seems to have been used. I have already told you how the chief keeper inaugurated his arrival by beating six or seven prisoners in the most violent manner. They are still in hospital under the effects of the blows, and the head of one was much cut. It is impossible to mark how the Sardinian prisoners are treated, for they are in the same category with Watt and Park—nay, more, are entitled to more consideration; for whereas the British Government acknowledged the jurisdiction of this Government, the Sardinian Government has always disputed it, and yet the following facts occur. The mother of Poggi, who hitherto has had permission to see her son freely, is now limited to seeing him through a hole in the door. A brother-in-law of Daneli, who, like the former, had come from Genoa to see him, can not get further than Naples. Fromento, for whom Count Gropilio and Signor Fazerotti have been laboring for three months to get him removed from prison, as he is suffering from a severe chest attack, is now spitting blood, and is in considerable danger. Nothing will melt hearts of stone. When our men were ill much was said at the last moment of "deference for British subjects," and they were sent home hastily to be cured. Sardinian subjects are in another category. Naples can treat them as she likes, because Austria supports her; but that England should abandon Sardinia in this position is a burning disgrace, and most bitterly is it resented by Italians. As regards Neopolitans, they are treated as dogs. Five of those who had received 100 stripes have not been able again to appear in court, and are still in hospital. Nimartoro, who made the protest which I sent you, is now very unwell, and, judging from his appearance, was not equal to receiving twenty blows. It will not probably lead to any change in the condition of these men to make the facts known—still there is a satisfaction in the publication of them, and perhaps in their own time they will bear fruit. A person called Esporito has confessed that he committed the murder which I reported; his motives were that the man did not belong to their cause, was put in among them, and continually made false revelations to their injury. The instrument was a wooden dagger, manufactured in prison. I am told that they rub them over with oil, burn them with a candle, and thus murder them.

MARTIAL LAW AT MODENA.

A letter from Modena describes the reign of terror existing there: At Massa Carrara, where the people are naturally violent, where the vicinity of Sardinia serves still further to inflame their passions and inspire them with a love of liberty, the Government has introduced martial law in a manner unprecedented in the annals of modern oppression. They hunt the liberals as you would foxes; soldiers and policemen enter all houses by day and night; they beat men, women, and children; they fill the prisons and kill their prisoners by starvation and blows. Tribunals and forms of procedure are done away with. A *sbirro* arrests you, a soldier condemns you, and an executioner kills you. Many are a prey to despair; despair counsels the use of the knife, and the legal assassin falls a prey to *vendetta*. Such events—and they are not rare—serve only to increase the cruelty of the Government and the ferocity of its servants; and the people take to flight, and seek and find protection on Sardinian soil. What would be our condition but for this haven of refuge? But even the fugitives are pursued by the implacable wrath of the Government; reclamations are sent from Modena to Turin, to demand their extradition. Up to the present the Sardinian Cabinet has refused compliance with these demands, on the very reasonable ground that the extradition treaties provide only for fugitives from justice, not for those who fly from the mad violence of a military police. But at present the Sardinian Government is placed in a very embarrassing position, for the majority of the fugitives have no means of subsistence.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MALTA.

On the 7th of May an individual in plain clothes was entering the Governor's Palace, Malta, with a lighted cigar, when he was stopped by the sentry, with an intimation that his orders were not to allow smoking. The individual referred to signified that he was the Governor, Sir John Gaspard le Marchant. This, however, had no other effect than to make the sentry more firm in the execution of his duty, and his Excellency was under the necessity of casting away his much cherished "Havana." During the day the order-board was withdrawn, and a new one issued from the Town Major's office, with the omission of the objectionable prohibition.

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The news from India is interesting. Sir H. Rose's advance on Calpee has been delayed by the fear that the Kotah rebels will fall on Jhansi. Orders have been issued by General Roberts to advance to Kotah to co-operate with Sir H. Rose. This military movement is reported since the capture of Kotah. The Sikh force, under Major Evans, after an obstinate battle of some hours, inflicted a severe defeat on a large body of Bheels—sixty men and four hundred women were captured. British loss, 71 killed and wounded.

Azimghur was relieved by Sir E. Lingard on the 15th of April. The enemy retreated with regularity, but lost three guns and a great number of men. It is said the enemy will make a stand at Calpee.

DEATH OF ANOTHER HAVELOCK.

The *Delhi Gazette* says: "We regret much to record the death of Lieutenant C. W. Havelock, of the Ghoorka Regiment, nephew of the late Major-General Havelock. He belonged to Sir E. Lingard's column, which marched to the support of Azimghur some short time ago. It appears that on marching out of Jaunpore, a large body of rebels were on the *qui vive* to attack Sir Edward in the rear on his approach to Azimghur. This caused the Colonel to alter his plans, and compelled him, before proceeding further, to disperse this body, and while hunting up these fellows poor Lieutenant Havelock was shot from a hut in an obscure village. Havelock was at Goruckpore and Azimghur at the time of the mutiny of the 12th Irregulars, of which he was adjutant. Subsequently he went up as a volunteer with his uncle, and has been before Lucknow ever since. His fate is deplored by all who knew him. His remains were brought into Jaunpore and buried there."

[From our Special Correspondent.]

BILLY BOWLEGS IN NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans, *May*, 1858.

Billy Bowlegs, the King of the Everglades, has been with us. For a week he was our Lion-in-Chief. He has left us, and we now have leisure to think and talk of the crevasse, the British outrages, the cotton crop, filibustering, and other matters of secondary interest. When the news reached us, a fortnight ago, that Billy was actually taken, and, on the way to his new home in Arkansas, would honor our city with a brief visit, I felt that it was my duty to "take" him in another way, so that his royal features might be handed down to posterity in the pages of *Harper's Weekly*. I little knew the difficulty of the task I had undertaken; but having attempted it, I resolved to succeed, cost what it might.

Our admirable photographer, Clark, placed the whole of his apparatus, together with the capital operator, Carden, at my disposal for this purpose. The kettle thus prepared, and the fire kindled, I set myself at work to catch my fish. In due time King Billy made his appearance. I took possession of him the moment he arrived, and never left him till I saw him on board the steamer *Quapaw*, *en route* for the Arkansas reservation. Brother never stuck to brother, creditor to debtor, limpet to rock, or office-seeker to a new President, as I did to Billy. It was a hard week's work; but perseverance conquers all things, and I send you—with my little bill annexed—the result of my efforts, in the shape of the portraits of his Majesty of the Everglades, his two brothers-in-law, his young wife, and last, but not least, his "guide, philosopher, and friend," the negro slave Ben Bruno.

Billy Bowlegs—his Indian name is Halpatter-Micco—is a rather good-looking Indian of about fifty years. He has a fine forehead, a keen, black eye; is somewhat above the medium height, and weighs about 160 pounds. His name of "Bowlegs" is a family appellation, and does not imply any parenthetical curvature of his lower limbs. When he is sober, which, I am sorry to say, is by no means his normal state, his legs are as straight as yours or mine. He has two wives, one son, five daughters, fifty slaves, and a hundred thousand dollars in hard cash. He wears his native costume; the two medals upon his breast, of which he is not a little proud, bear the likenesses of Presidents Van Buren and Fillmore.

No-kush-adjo, his Inspector-General, and the brother of his "old wife," is as fine a young fellow as you would care to see. He wears his picturesque Indian garb with the grace of the drapery of a Greek statue, and, with his silver circlet around his head, stalked along our streets with an air that seemed to imply that he honored the pale-faces by condescending to walk through their brick-and-mortar city.

Long Jack, Billy's Lieutenant, and the brother of his young wife, is much less prepossessing. The unflattering photograph gives a perfect representation of his figure, features, and dress, even to the night-gown of gaudy calico, in which he evidently flattered himself that he was making a decided sensation. He is a perfect representative of those lazy, lounging savages who are sometimes seen in our villages, ready to shoot at a mark for the sake of a drink.

Billy's young wife, who has no name, as far as I could learn, is a quiet, modest squaw, though her features bear a striking resemblance to those of her rakish brother, Long Jack. I was very desirous to add to my collection the portraits of Billy's "old wife" and her daughters, especially that of the elder, the "Lady Elizabeth Bowlegs," a good-looking lass of eighteen. But they "kept themselves to themselves," and very stoutly refused to have any thing to do with me or any body else.

Ben Bruno, the interpreter, adviser, confidant, and special favorite of King Billy, is a fine, intelligent-looking negro. Unlike his master, he shows a decided predilection for civilized life, and an early visit to a ready-made clothing establishment speedily transformed him into a very creditable imitation of a "white man's nigger." He has more brains than Billy and all his tribe, and exercises almost unbounded influence over his master. The negro slaves are, in fact, the masters of their red owners, who seem fully conscious of their own mental inferiority. If a Seminole wishes to convey a high idea of his own cunning, he will say, "Ah, you no cheat me. I got real nigger wit." The negroes were the master spirits, as well as the immediate occasion, of the Florida war. They openly refused to follow their masters if they removed to Arkansas; and it was not till they capitulated that the Seminoles thought of emigrating. The friendship of a man who has a hundred thousand dollars in cash, and two marriageable daughters, is worth cultivating. I would advise any one who wishes to get into the good graces of Billy Bowlegs to pay special attention to Ben Bruno.

Billy Bowlegs is a direct descendant of the founder of the Seminole nation. A little more than a century ago, a noted Creek chief, named Secoffee, broke away from his tribe, and, with many followers, settled in the central part of the peninsula of Florida. They were followed by other bands, and all received the name of Seminoles, or "Runaways." The Mickasukies, the legitimate owners of the country, at first opposed these emigrations, but they were too feeble to make any effectual resistance. In a short time all the Indians amalgamated, and joined in efforts to resist the white men—the common foe of all.

Secoffee was a bitter enemy of the Spaniards, and a firm ally of the English. When Florida was re-ceded to the Spaniards, in 1784, he took the field against them. He died the next year, at the age of seventy, and was buried near the site of the present Fort King. When he felt that his end was near, he called his two sons, Payne and Bowlegs, and exhorted them to carry out his plans. The Great Spirit, he said, had revealed to him that, if he would be happy in a future state, he must cause the death of a hundred Spaniards. Fourteen of this number were still wanting; and he adjured his sons to make up the deficiency.

In 1821 Florida was ceded to the United States. Emigrants began to pour in who demanded possession of the lands. The Indians were estimated at about four thousand, men, women, and children, with eight hundred negro slaves. Their villages were scattered from St. Augustine to the Appalachicola River. They consisted of log-huts, surrounded by cleared fields. It was vain for them to urge their claim to the country. Our Government recognizes no such title in the Indians. In 1823 they were compelled to enter into a treaty making over to the whites the greater part of their lands, and restricting themselves within narrow bounds formally laid down.

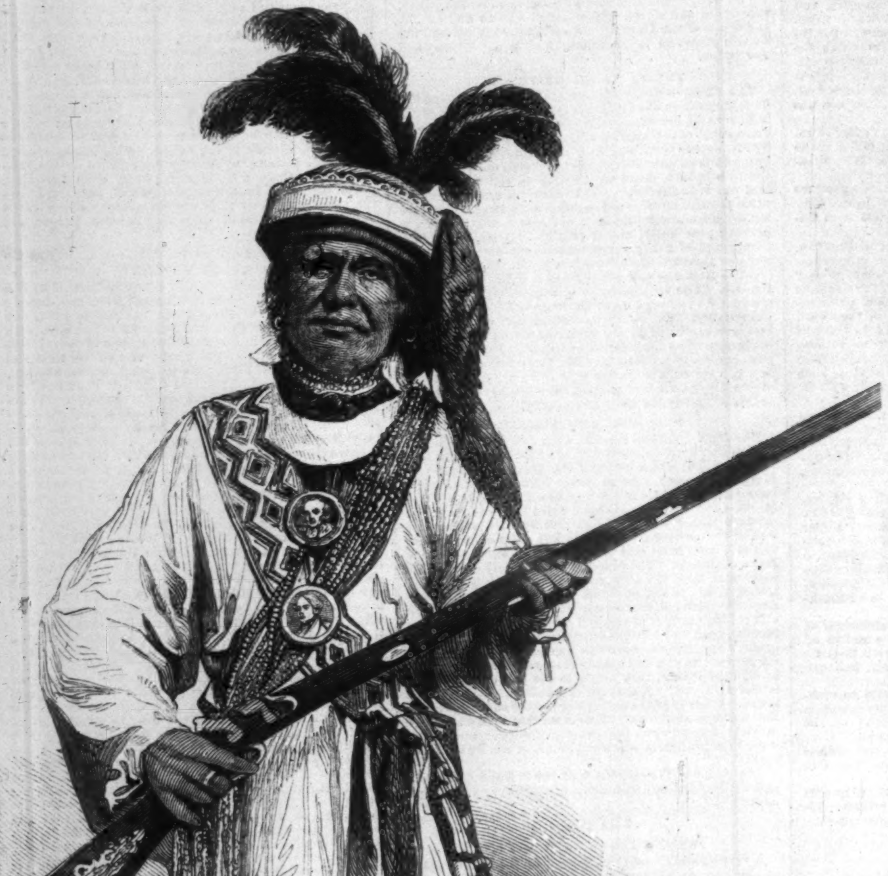
Still the white settlers pressed upon the Indians. A thousand pretexts for quarrels arose. Slaves ran away and joined the Indians, who refused to surrender them. The property of the whites was plundered, reprisals were made, and a border war seemed imminent, which must involve the extermination of the Indians. In 1832 Mr. Cass, then Secretary of War, directed Colonel Gadsden to negotiate with the Florida Indians for a total relinquishment of their lands in exchange for others west of the Mississippi River. With much difficulty Mr. Gadsden succeeded in inducing some of the Seminole chiefs to sign a treaty empowering a delegation to visit the country proposed to be allotted to them, and in case they were satisfied with it, the nation should cede all their Florida lands, and remove west of the Mississippi. This was the famous "Treaty of Payne's Landing," made on the 9th of May, 1832. The delegation visited the country, made their marks to a paper expressing themselves satisfied with it, and agreed that their nation should commence their removal as soon as satisfactory arrangements could be made. In this treaty the name of Halpatter-Micco appears for the first time in history. He was then a young man, a sub-chief of the band of Arpiucki, or "Sam Jones." It is noticeable that the names of the leading Seminole chiefs, especially that of Micanopy, the recognized head of the nation, were wanting in this treaty.

The Seminoles refused to sanction this proceeding of a few of their chiefs. The delegation themselves denied their own act, and declared that they had not signed any paper which required them to relinquish their lands or remove from Florida. They were assured that they would nevertheless be forced to carry out the treaty. Micanopy, old and inert, was little more than a tool in the hands of the bold and crafty half-breed, Oseola, who, though not a chief himself, exerted a controlling influence. The Indians resolved to negotiate, gain time to place their wives and children in safety, secure their crops, and lay in ammunition, but in no case to leave the country. They showed themselves adepts in the arts of diplomacy, and succeeded in putting off any decided action till the spring of 1835. A council was then held, Oseola and eight others agreed to abide by the treaty, and the opening of the next year was fixed upon as the time when the removal should commence. Micanopy, Sam Jones, and three other leading chiefs, refused to agree to this. General Thompson, the Indian agent, therefore struck their names off from the roll of chiefs, declaring them to be no longer counselors of the nation.

Nothing was farther from the intention of Oseola than to fulfill his agreement to emigrate. He wished to gain time, and above all things, by a display of friendship, to procure arms, powder, and lead. Thompson refused to sell these. Oseola, for a moment forgetting himself, broke out into fierce passion. "Am I a negro," he said; "a slave? I am an Indian. The white man shall not make me black. I will make the white man red with blood, and then blacken him in the sun and rain, where the wolf shall smell his bones and the vulture live upon his flesh." He abused the agent, defied the power of the Government, and was put into irons. A week's confinement gave him time to recollect himself. He professed penitence, and promised to comply with the treaty. All difficulties were now supposed to be ended; the opening of the year 1836 was looked upon as the time when Florida was to be freed from the Indians, and crowds of emigrants stood ready to rush in upon the vacant lands.

But as summer and autumn wore on abundant proofs appeared that the Indians had no intention of leaving. It afterward appeared that they had solemnly resolved that any one who prepared to remove should die. Charley-e-Mathla, a leading chief, had begun to dispose of his cattle. He was waylaid and shot down. In his handkerchief was a sum of money, which he had received for his cattle. Oseola would not suffer it to be touched. "It is the blood of the red men," he said, as he flung it away.

Late in December the Indians were ready for action; yet so cunningly were their plans laid that no one suspected an immediate outbreak. Two companies, under Major Dade, had been dispatched from Fort Brooke to reinforce the garrison at Fort King. The Indians resolved to capture Fort King before their arrival, and then turn upon these reinforcements. Oseola had not forgotten his imprisonment by General Thompson. "He is *my* friend," said he, significantly; "I'll take care of him." For two days he lay, with sixty warriors, hidden among the palmettos, in full view of the fort, yet no one suspected their presence. On the afternoon of the 28th of December, General Thompson and Lieutenant Smith walked out from the fort, quietly smoking their cigars. They approached the ambush, and were fired upon. Thompson fell dead, pierced with four-and-twenty bullets; Smith received thirteen. Their scalps were stripped off and divided into minute pieces that each warrior might have a part. Oseola had taken vengeance for the indignity which he had suffered. Meanwhile the main body of the savages had been dogging Dade, who was on his march to the fort. Twice had they postponed their attack to await the return of Oseola, who was watching for his "friend" Thompson. At last they determined to act without him. Before daybreak on the morning of the 28th, 180 warriors were posted on the road by which the troops would soon advance. Every Indian was concealed behind a tree, and



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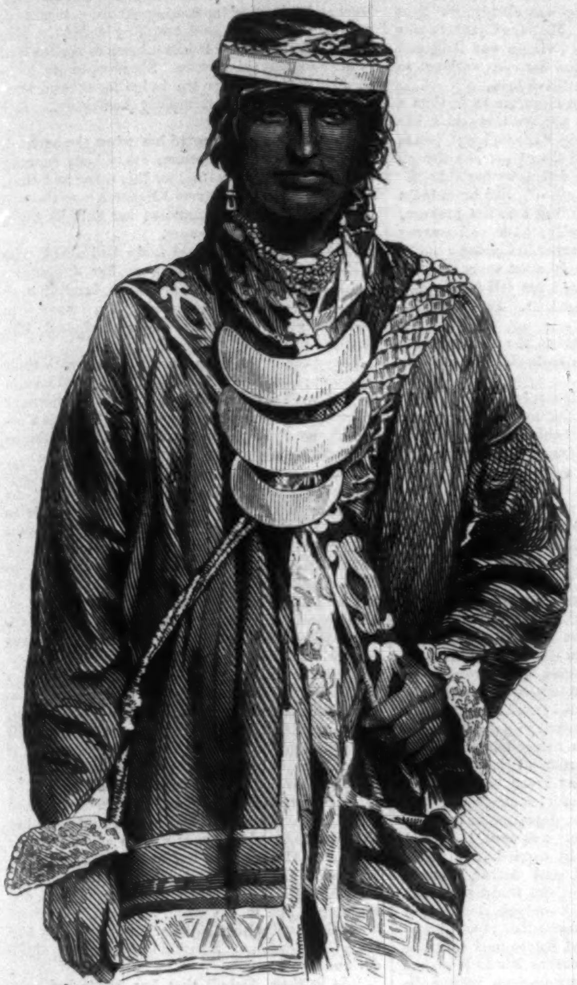
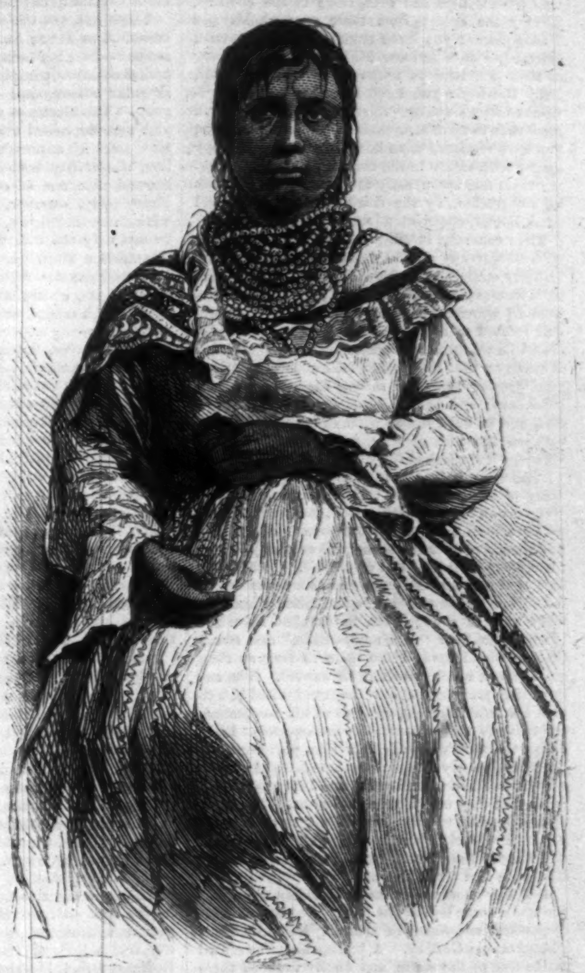
BILLY BOWLEGS, CHIEF OF THE SEMINOLES.—[From a Photograph by Clark, of New Orleans.]



NO-KUSH-ADJO, INSPECTOR-GENERAL.



YOUNG WIFE OF BILLY BOWLEGS.

nothing indicated their presence. At nine o'clock the soldiers approached; every man was suffered to pass the extremity of the ambush before the signal was given to fire. Half of the men fell at the first discharge. The soldiers, utterly surprised, fired at random, and did no execution, while the Indians from their coverts picked them off man by man. Of the eight officers and one hundred and two men composing the detachment, every officer and ninety-eight men fell upon the spot; another was killed the next day. Only three, all sorely wounded, made their escape. The Indians lost only four or five.

Great rejoicings were held that night by the Indians. The scalps of the victims were suspended upon a high pole, around which the drunken savages danced until daylight. Oseola had joined his comrades, bringing the trophies of his exploit. Songs were sung ridiculing the whites, and the Indians made themselves merry over laughable imitations of the somewhat peculiar manner and gestures of Thompson.

Such was the opening scene of the Florida war, which was to cost so much blood and treasure, and to task so severely the skill and energy of our ablest officers. Generals Gaines, Clinch, Scott, Call, Jesup, Macomb, Taylor, Armistead, and Worth, were successively placed in command. For a time it seemed as though a few hundred savages would successfully defy the whole power of the United States. The Indians, indeed, soon found that in open fight they were wholly unable to cope with the whites. They adopted the true policy of scattering themselves in small detachments, striking a sudden blow upon some exposed point, and then taking refuge in the almost inaccessible swamps.

Against such a foe regular military operations were of no avail. The only course was to track them to their fastnesses, burn their villages, destroy their crops, and reduce them by starvation. Again and again it seemed as though this end was attained. The Indians would then beg for peace, promise to surrender, gather at the appointed posts, and receive the promised presents. It would be announced that the "Florida war was ended;" the volunteers would be disbanded, and the regulars sent away from the unhealthy swamps. Then all at once the Indians would decamp, and the work of hunting them out was to be done over again.

Still, year by year something was gained. One chief after another was killed or captured, and their bands surrendered, and were sent to Arkansas. Oseola, coming into the camp of General Hernandez, on pretense of treating, was made prisoner, sent to Fort Moultrie, where he died of a broken heart. He had broken truce more than once, and had no right to complain of any want of faith. Coacoochee, or Wild Cat, next after Oseola the most formidable warrior, surrendered. "I am leaving Florida," he said; "it was my home; I loved it; to leave it is like burying my wife and child. But I have thrown away my rifle and taken the hand of the white man, and said to him, 'Take care of me.'" So band after band had been broken up and sent to Arkansas. The remaining Indians were slowly forced southward toward the impassable Everglades, where they were sorely pressed upon by the enemy.

The name of Billy Bowlegs appears only rarely during the first three years of the war, and then only incidentally as a sub-chief under Sam Jones. His first notable exploit took place in July, 1839. General Macomb, then the commander in Florida, had made an arrangement with Sam Jones, who was by this time considered a leading chief, in virtue of which certain limits were temporarily assigned beyond which the Indians should not pass, and within which they should be protected. Colonel Harney was sent to establish a trading-post for their convenience. His company, of thirty men, was encamped in an open barren near the Cooloosahatchee River. The Indians visited the camp day after day in the most friendly manner. All suspicion was disarmed, and not even a sentinel was posted to guard against treachery. At daybreak on the morning of the 22d of July two hundred Indians, headed by Bowlegs, attacked the camp. The surprise was complete. The men, suddenly aroused from sleep, made no resistance. Those who were not murdered in their beds fled to the river, and were shot down in the water. Harney himself escaped by swimming off to a fishing-smack anchored some distance down the river. Of his thirty men twenty-four were slain.

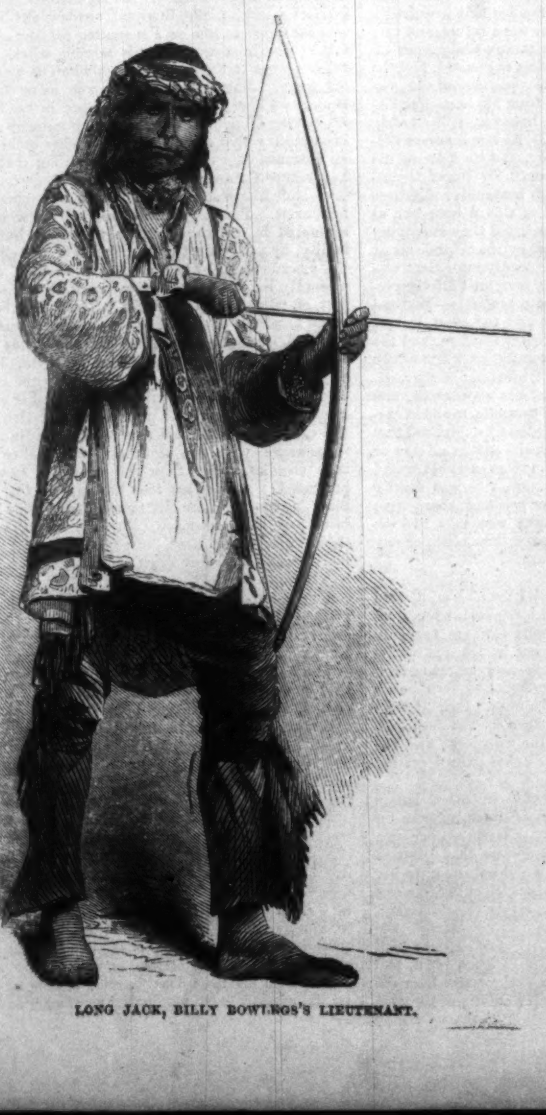
From this time the influence of Bowlegs began to increase. Sam Jones, who was said to be ninety years old, was feeble and inert. He was formally deposed from the chieftainship, and Bowlegs was put in his place. The dignity was hardly worth the having. The band now numbered scarcely two hundred and fifty souls, of whom only eighty were warriors. The new chief saw that further resistance was useless, and, after sending an emissary to ascertain that proposals for peace would be favorably received, he made his appearance at head-quarters, fully authorized to treat.

Our Government had in the mean while grown weary of employing an army to hunt down a few scattered savages. President Tyler, in his Message of May 10, 1842, had said that "the further pursuit of these miserable beings by a large military force seems to be as injudicious as it is unavailing. Notwithstanding the vigorous exertions of our troops, the Indian mode of warfare, their dispersed condition, and the very smallness of their number, which increases the difficulty of finding them in the abundant and almost inaccessible hiding-places, render any further attempts to secure them by force impracticable, except by the employment of the most expensive means."

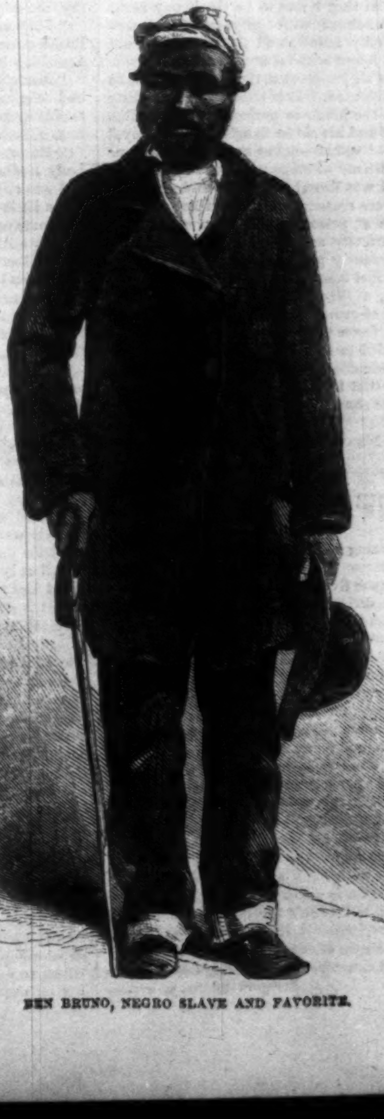
Both parties being weary of the contest, terms were soon agreed upon. A narrow district was temporarily assigned to the Indians as a planting and hunting ground, and on the 14th of August, 1842, it was formally announced that the war in Florida was at an end, and Billy Bowlegs was recognized as the head chief of the Seminoles remaining in Florida.

This seven years' inglorious war had cost much blood and treasure. The regular troops engaged had averaged something more than three thousand men during the whole period. More than twenty thousand volunteers had been brought into the field from the different States. The records of the War Department contain the names of fifteen hundred and fifty-eight officers and soldiers of the regular army who were killed in action or died of wounds received or diseases contracted in Florida. The losses of the volunteers can not be known. Besides the cost of the regular army, nineteen and a half millions of dollars were paid to the militia and volunteers, and as indemnity for losses sustained by citizens. The whole cost of the war can not be estimated at less than forty millions of dollars, and three thousand lives. The number of Indian warriors killed and sent to Arkansas hardly exceeded fifteen hundred. Each of these, therefore, must have cost the country two lives, and more than twenty-five thousand dollars.

The peace thus concluded between King Billy and the United States continued unbroken for a dozen years and more. At length, something more than eighteen months ago, paragraphs began to make their appearance in the papers announcing the re-opening of the Florida war. Hostilities had again broken out between the King of the Everglades and the Model Republic. Then General Harney was sent to meet his old opponent; but before any thing serious had taken place, we find him transferred to more important duties in the Northwest. Then came news of obscure skirmishes and loss of life. Then it was reported that our new President, Buchanan, reversing the policy of the farmer who "found a rude boy in his apple-tree," after exhausting the force of grass, tried what virtue there was in stones, had resolved to try what effect fair words, money, and whisky would have in inducing the indomitable Billy to leave his Florida home. At last, under date of May 8, 1858, came "General Orders, No. 4," from the "Head-quarters of the Department of Florida," announcing that the war was closed. "You have," says Colonel Loomis, in mustering the volunteers out of the service of the United States, "with un-



LONG JACK, BILLY BOWLEGS'S LIEUTENANT.



BEN BRUNO, NEGRO SLAVE AND FAVORITE.

tiring zeal and energy, penetrated in every direction the swamps and everglades of the country, driving the enemy from their strong-holds and hiding-places; you have engaged them in several skirmishes and actions, killing more than forty of their warriors, as acknowledged by the chief, Billy Bowlegs; you have destroyed their magazines of stores and provisions; you have captured more than forty of their men, women, and children; you have rendered them hopeless of remaining any longer with safety in the country, thereby preparing them for, and greatly facilitating, their peaceful emigration, by the delegation under Colonel Elias Rector, Superintendent of Indian Affairs."

Then came the intelligence that Billy Bowlegs, with 33 warriors and 80 women and children, had actually embarked for New Orleans, on their way to Arkansas; but that the old chief, Sam Jones, with 38 warriors and their women and children, still refused to come in at any price; that he declared he would not emigrate for two wagon-loads of money; that his women followed King Billy's men, jeering them for selling themselves to the pale-faces; and that King Billy said Sam was a fool, and he did not care what became of him. At last, on the 14th of May, we learned that Billy Bowlegs had reached the Crescent City.

Alas for our lion! It soon appeared that the King of the Everglades was bent upon having a "big drunk" in New Orleans. How he succeeded no one knows better than your correspondent, who had special reasons for keeping his company, which turned out to be far from creditable. In his cups he was sometimes boisterous and sometimes maudlin. Now he boasted that he had killed a hundred white men in a day; then he thanked his white brothers for their "much friendship," and swore that he would never leave them as long as they gave him as much punch as he wanted. The enterprising proprietor of our Museum invited him to visit his establishment, announced his acceptance, and reaped a golden harvest in consequence. Billy drank the punch provided for him, perambulated the rooms, closely attended by three faithful braves, who fanned him when heated, and kept themselves sober that they might watch over him. The wax-figures seemed to possess the chief attraction for him. Scott and Taylor, he said, were "great men, and fought him mighty hard;" as for Harney, he had made him "run like hell."

But why go on to narrate his drunken speeches? He was a sorry lion at the best. At last your correspondent succeeded in bringing him to Clark's Photographic Gallery. A janitor kept the crowd at the foot of the stairs, and finally induced them to disperse, by the assurance that King Billy would not come down for three hours. Thanks to Carden and the camera, his royal features were transferred to the sensitive plate, and here you have them.

My object was attained; but in the mean while my zealous devotion to his Majesty of the Everglades had exposed me to no little misapprehension on the part of my friends. This is a censorious world, very loth to believe in disinterested attachments of any sort. A plausible motive for my proceedings is easily suggested.

Billy, as I have said, is no beggarly German prince, without money to support his hereditary dignity. He has, moreover, a marriageable daughter, whom, it was currently reported, he was anxious to bestow upon some "white brother," with a comfortable dowry of ten thousand dollars in hard cash, besides "expectations" for the future. It was reported that I was to be the happy man. I was overwhelmed with congratulations, pronounced a lucky fellow, and forced to "stand" cocktails and juleps without number.

It is due to all parties that the matter should be properly represented. It is true, then, that King Billy did me the honor to propose an alliance between myself and his eldest daughter. "Betsey," he said, "good squaw—never married—you have her—come with me—I make you great chief—next after me." I was forced to decline this flattering offer for private reasons, which I am not at liberty to explain at present. Suffice it to say that they were perfectly satisfactory to His Majesty, who was graciously pleased to present me, in token of his perfect consideration, with his own royal autograph, a *fac-simile* of which I send you. The original, of course, I shall carefully preserve, to be handed down to my posterity. I only wish it was appended to an I O U for a few thousands. It would be considered "first-class paper," and I do not doubt that I could have got it "done" at a very moderate shave.

I am ever,
Your New Orleans Correspondent.

THE DEVIL'S MARK.

I.

On the morning of August the first, sixteen hundred and fourteen, the village of Hambledon was the scene of much lively bustle, which rallied chiefly round the dwelling of Master Simon, farrier, blacksmith, and wheel-wright for the township. Master Simon's only daughter, Rose—the White Rose of Hambledon, the folks called her—was going to be married that day to her cousin, Richard Nicholl. They were a very well-matched couple of young people, for if she was as blooming and sweet as her name, Richard was the goodliest man in that parish, and many another. She was nineteen, and he was twenty-six—both of them in the full glow and excellence of youth.

In Master Simon's cottage were collected half the women of the place, but Rose's chamber was the favorite point, for there the young maiden's toilet was being accomplished by half a dozen of her particular friends. The costume of those days was not remarkable either for its picturesqueness or its grace; but Rose's pretty shape and sweet face were proof against its disfigurements. She stood in the centre of the room, fair and blushing, in a petticoat of remarkable stiffness and a bodice of preternatural length, her gold-colored hair rolled up elaborately, and a highly-starched ruff lying close at hand to imprison her round white throat.

There was not one of the half-dozen friends so beautiful as Rose; but one of them—the chief, it seemed—from her being the putter-on of the bows and decorative paraphernalia of the dress, had a singular countenance—cold, repellant, and stone-gray. The blackness of her eyebrows, which met and were depressed over her eyes, gave her a furtive, stealthy expression, and her narrow, scarlet lips, while they indicated a sensual disposition, showed also one of cruelty and vindictiveness. Every body, however, Rose included, treated her with a certain respect, for she was waiting-woman to my lady the wife of Sir Roger Bedinfield, at Hambledon Hall. Her name was Mistress Gilbert, and she was reputed to possess philters and love-charms, which, in those good old times, were held in high repute, not only among silly maidens, but even among wise and discreet matrons. One charm, however, Mistress Gilbert did not possess—that charm which would have charmed Richard Nicholl's heart out of his bosom. Her disappointed hopes had been a sly theme of talk many a time in the village, and even Rose herself had shared in it. Possibly that was the reason why, when Mistress Gilbert's chilly hands glided so stealthily about her person, a slight shiver kept running over her flesh.

"You are cold, Rose," said the waiting-woman; "shut the window, some of you. You shudder all over when you are touched."

"It can't be that her enemy is walking over the place where her grave is to be," remarked a careless young body, who looked straight at Mistress Gilbert, and then turned red under the cold scrutiny that she received from her cruel eyes.

"Rose is too good to have an enemy. Every one loves her," said the waiting-woman, slowly: directly she had spoken she approached her lips to the white, polished shoulder, and blew softly at a tiny brown mark, and then brushed it with her hand, carelessly.

"You will have to blow a long time before you blow away that little mole, Mistress Gilbert," laughed Rose: "I was born with it."

"I am short-sighted this morning—I mistook it for a fly;" and the waiting-woman began to arrange the starched ruff.

My Lady Bedinfield and two of her daughters had thought right to honor the ceremony by coming to look on from the elevation of the family pew, and afterward to praise the rustic grace of the White Rose of Hambledon. Mistress Lucy Bedinfield and her sister Elizabeth would have given half their rich clothing for a tint out of her cheeks; they were but sickly young gentlewomen, on whose complexions Mistress Gilbert's various washes had no effect at all, unless it were to make them deader and duller than even Nature—who colored them in one of her penurious, pallid moods—had ever intended.

When Rose walked out of church, her pretty blue eyes downcast, and holding Richard's arm, the folks inside blessed her softly as became the place, and those outside gave them a cheer, after which the bells rang out a famous wedding peal. Mistress Gilbert's clayey visage looked colder and more clayey than ever as they disappeared. Nobody heeded her, and she did not choose to follow the returning party to Master Simon's house; but when my Lady Bedinfield, the rabble being dispersed, issued stately from the family pew with her daughters behind her, she was graciously told that she might walk with them to the Hall.

"They are a pretty pair of lovers, I'm sure, and Rose's dress was uncommon gay;" said Lady Bedinfield, who had a mother's heart.

"Her cheek could not have looked fresher if it had been painted. Gilbert, your new wash for the face is quite useless;" querulously observed Mistress Elizabeth; "I am sure it dries the skin."

"Natural roses have the finest bloom," replied Lady Bedinfield, who had been a beauty herself, and was still a handsome woman. She sometimes had a little spite against her daughters for being so unmanageably plain.

"Rose Nicholl's bloom looks natural," said Mistress Gilbert, with an air of sarcastic respect; "it looks even brighter than nature."

"You are jealous, Gilbert; we know all about the young suitor's indifference to black eyes when blue ones are willing to shine on him," returned Lady Bedinfield, with a jolly laugh.

Mistress Gilbert's face blushed lividly. That taunt was not needed to increase the deadly hatred she had conceived for Richard and his young wife. She dropped behind, and would not answer when spoken to. Lady Bedinfield called to her just as they were entering the house, and said, in the same tone of mockery, "If Rose's beauty is all paint, why don't you put it on too, Gilbert?"

"I did not say it was all paint, my lady. I wish it were. It would be the less harm," replied the waiting-woman.

"If it is neither nature nor paint, what is it?" asked Lady Bedinfield.

"It is devil's beauty. I saw his mark on her neck to-day," said Mistress Gilbert.

Lady Bedinfield laughed again, but this time in a less loud and assured manner. Scarcely any one in these very good old times was altogether free from the black plague-spot of superstition, and she was neither better nor wiser than her age. She entered her house in silence, and Mrs. Gilbert, pacing her room that night vehemently, as a caged wild beast newly caught, rejoiced to think that she had dropped on her rival's fair fame the first deadly drop of that corrosive poison which she hoped ere long to see blacken and blast it utterly.

II.

The apartments of the two sisters at Bedinfield Hall adjoined, and Mistress Gilbert passed from one to the other attending on the young ladies. There was company that day; especially, there was one young gallant named Sir Henry Cavendish, whom either of the girls would have been proud to captivate. Mistress Lucy stood before her mirror, fully dressed; but there was dissatisfaction on her countenance—she had small, delicate features, but her skin was cloudy, her eyes were lacking in brilliance. Mistress Elizabeth was even worse favored, for her visage was long and lean as well as colorless, and her eyes were not so perfectly set as they might have been.

"You will soon be of no more use to us than a mole, Gilbert. Can you not see how thick my complexion is to-day?" said Mistress Lucy, pointing at her own reflection in the glass; she always laid the blame of Nature's defects on her abigail.

"Yes, Mistress Lucy, I see—" She hesitated a minute, opened the door to look into the passage, and then whispered, hurriedly, "I have a powder that I got from Mistress Turner in London; but if I let you have some, my lady must never know."

"Ah! good Gilbert, I will not tell her; speak low, that Elizabeth may not hear. How does this powder affect one?"

"It preserves youth, makes the skin smooth, and gives it a bloom like a little child's; but it is highly dangerous."

"How dangerous? Is it a poison?"

Mistress Elizabeth, overhearing the mysterious whispering, crept stealthily behind her door, watched through a chink, and listened. The arrival of Sir Henry Cavendish had sown jealousy between the sisters.

"It is a mineral poison; but with care, and in very small quantities, it is safe. In a week you would be as fair as Rose Nicholl. Will you try it? or do you fear the risk?"

"Oh! I will try it. I would try any thing to have a face like the young smith's wife; but promise me not to let Elizabeth have any."

Mistress Gilbert gave the required pledge, and then stole away to her own chamber to fetch the powder. The watcher waited for her return impatiently. When Gilbert re-entered the room, she brought in her hand a small box of ebony, which she opened with a key attached to a chain hidden under her ruff. Elizabeth listened breathlessly, but she could not quite catch all that was said. But she saw a small packet given to her sister, and by her, after a portion of its contents had been extracted for immediate use, deposited in her jewel-box. How that taken out was used, she could not see; for Mistress Gilbert carried it to where stood the ewer and basin, and thither Mistress Lucy went to apply it; but she heard the waiting-woman say, "It will sink—mingle it well with the water;" so she conjectured that it was something to be swallowed, and determined that she herself would soon have a face as fair as Rose, the smith's wife, if it only depended on taking the powder hidden in the jewel-box.

The application of the powder made no perceptible improvement in Mistress Lucy's face that day, and Sir Henry Cavendish was by no means charmed out of his senses; but in the course of the week there was certainly a change for the better, and Mistress Elizabeth—who had not yet found an opportunity to lay her hands upon any of the powder—became more and more eager to profit by its beautifying effects. One evening Mistress Lucy left her chain with the jewel-box key fastened to it on her table, and her sister, who had never ceased to watch, availed herself of this chance to possess herself of a good portion of what remained of the powder. She immediately mixed a little of it with water, and drank it.

Very soon she was seized with pain, nausea, and sickness; but not so severely as to enforce greater caution in using the powder, for she repeated the dose daily. She suffered, but her skin acquired a clearness which it had never worn before, and this would have reconciled her to any thing short of martyrdom. Her store being exhausted, and the key falling no more into her possession, she was obliged for a time to desist from her beguiling experiments. Mistress Lucy, however, still steadily continued her applications. At last Mistress Gilbert's ebony box was empty, and no more of the powder could be obtained until Sir Roger Bedinfield went up to London with his family. Mistress Lucy was very impatient of this delay; but at length a supply was obtained, and the beautifying discipline was recommenced by the elder sister at once. Whether some more deadly ingredient was now mingled with it, or it was unskillfully prepared, or—what is still more probable—Mistress Lucy used it incautiously and too often, it now began to work on the muscles of the face, and the miserable girl awoke one morning with her mouth drawn on one side, and frightfully disfigured. Mistress Gilbert, terrified at her appearance, and rightly attributing it to the cosmetic, to shield herself from all suspicion, immediately exclaimed that her young lady was bewitched—and, as all new or ill-understood disease was, in these good old times, laid to supernatural influences, this was readily believed. But, bewitched or poisoned, poor young Mistress Lucy's days of vanity were past, and she would never charm Sir Henry Cavendish, or any gay gallant, with her face again.

III.

Lady Bedinfield devoted herself like a good mother to her afflicted daughter; and, when they retired to their country-house—where the only amusements were such as her health and spirits were far too broken to enjoy—they might be seen almost daily wandering through the shrubberies together, or sitting under the trees. Poor Mistress Lucy could not bear to be seen by the most intimate friends, or even by the villagers; and the idea that she had been bewitched gained ground fast.

Mistress Gilbert was one of those patient haters who never balk themselves of their revenge by rushing upon it prematurely. To screen her own malpractices, she had said at first that Mistress Lucy was bewitched; but it did not occur to her then to turn this to the furtherance of her schemes against Rose Nicholl. One lovely June evening, however, in passing by the smith's cottage, she saw a gathering of the village goodies, who told her that the White Rose, her detested rival, had just got a little son; and a week or two later she saw the young mother herself standing at her open window with the child in her arms, and the stalwart smith leaning in, making gentle, paternal advances, to her great and laughing delight. Mistress Gilbert's heart felt like a lump of molten lead in her bosom at this picture. She stopped and looked at it wickedly over the hedge for several minutes, and then rushed rapidly homeward. Her plan was maturing.

A dreadful scene greeted her when she arrived. The house was in an uproar; every body running hither and thither, calling for this thing and that, in frantic haste. Mistress Elizabeth was ill—she was dying—dying in agonies; her shrieks could be heard half over the house.

"She is poisoned!" said Lady Bedinfield, who was shuddering and weeping by her daughter's writhing form; but Mistress Gilbert, bending over the bed her ash-gray face, said, "No, I have seen these convulsions before; she is bewitched, like Mistress Lucy."

Every one in the room paused aghast with their remedies; but Lady Bedinfield said, "Who can pursue our family with such a relentless hatred? Whom have we any of us injured? There is worthy Parson Phillips coming to our aid; let him be admitted."

While the minister recited his prayers Mistress Elizabeth died. "She has been poisoned," he also observed; but the doctor, not being able to name the drug that had killed her, solemnly countenanced Mistress Gilbert's idea that she had been bewitched. The waiting-woman was not long in discovering where Mistress Elizabeth had found her fatal draught. Advantage had been taken of her absence to break open the ebony box and abstract the cosmetic powder. Too large an internal dose had done its work forever.

From the time of her sister's death poor Mistress Lucy's health also began fast to decline. She became subject to long fits of melancholy depression, and more than ever evaded seeing strangers. Still she would go out of doors, and her favorite haunt was a sunny knoll in the plantations, where she would sit for hours with either her mother or Mistress Gilbert. Any sudden noise—even the flight of a bird from one branch to another—would cause her to tremble convulsively, as if with overwhelming dread; for the poor girl had heard it said that she was bewitched, and the idea worked in her imagination until she believed it. It happened one morning, while in the wood, as usual, that Rose Nicholl passed within sight of Mistress Lucy and the waiting-woman. Mistress Lucy began to shudder and cry out.

"Is it Rose Nicholl that has bewitched you, Mistress Lucy?" asked Mistress Gilbert, earnestly.

"Yes, yes," replied the nervous creature, following the retreating figure with wild eyes.

"I always thought so! I saw the devil's mark upon her neck the day she was married," cried the waiting-woman, triumphantly.

When they returned home, Mistress Lucy told her mother that all her deformity and all her present illness had been inflicted upon her by the malice of Rose Nicholl, the smith's wife, and that the sight of her threw her into convulsions such as those in which her sister died. Lady Bedinfield was troubled, but suspicious. She consulted her husband, who was remarkable for any thing rather than sagacity, and proposed to have Rose tried by one of the common prickers who made it their business to go from place to place discovering witches and bringing them to punishment. Sir Roger consented, and Mistress Gilbert having undertaken to produce a witch-finder, innocent, unconscious Rose was indicated to him as a suspected person; and, full of the importance of his terrible office, the pricker went to the smith's house when he was at his forge. Master Simon also was away from home, and Rose, with her baby asleep in her lap, sat sewing diligently, like the good housewife and housemother that she was. The pricker obtained an entrance into the cottage by pleading that he had walked far and was tired; so the unsuspicious Rose bade him rest himself, and gave him some refreshment. Presently two of the village women sauntered in, ostensibly to see the baby, but in reality, by pre-concert with the pricker, to help in the examination. They all began to talk, and presently led the conversation round to the subject of witches and warlocks. There had been many hundreds of wicked and cruel executions in England during recent years for the crime of witchcraft, and Rose had heard of them, like others: indeed, a witch had been swum and drowned in Hambledon mill-pond within her own memory. She expressed great commiseration for this old woman, and said that she believed many unfortunates were the victims of the malice of their enemies, rather than real criminals, as was pretended. The pricker took umbrage at this remark, perhaps because Mistress Gilbert's bribe lay heavy on his conscience at the moment; and, thinking to daunt Rose, he exclaimed, that she herself was a notorious witch and evil-liver, and he was there to prove it.

Rose started up; and when the two women approached to lay hold on her, she broke from them, and rushed out at the door shrieking, "Richard, Richard, help me!"

The hammer was not going in the forge just then, and the smith heard her. Clutching a stout cudgel, he ran to the spot; and, while the two assistants decamped, he seized the pricker in a grasp like a vice, and, without waiting for explanation, proceeded to belabor him so soundly that the miserable official was likely to have a skin full of sorely-aching bones for a month to come.

When her husband paused, Rose said, bitterly weeping: "He is a witch-finder, Richard, and declares that I am a witch. He came here to prove it. Oh where, where shall we fly? You know, dear husband, that I am your own true wife, and no wicked witch. Don't you, love?" She clung to him beseechingly. In those good old times there were few ties of blood or of affection that did not break under this terrible accusation; but the smith loved his Rose dearly; and, having an intense antipathy to the manipulations of such odious gentry as the pricker, his wrath was so far increased by the idea that they might have been exercised on his young wife, as to find it indispensable to beat him again, and then to throttle him until he confessed that he had received a bribe from Mistress Gilbert to accuse Rose. A second shaking made him give up the instrument with which he proposed to prick for the devil's mark, which all witches bore on their persons. This instrument was a steel needle with a hollow handle, into which it retired under very slight pressure, coming out again when that pressure was withdrawn, so that though it appeared to run into the flesh, it in reality did not even break the skin; as the devil's mark could be pricked, as was asserted, without the witch feeling any pain, and without blood following the withdrawal of the needle, this ingenious piece of mechanism answered every malicious purpose; and, with its lying witness, did to death many a poor innocent wretch; who, after conviction, was tortured into confessing every enormity that the diseased imaginations of wicked or superstitious examiners could devise. The smith was something of a mechanician himself, and immediately discovered the secret of the instrument, which he determined to carry to Parson Phillips. As luck would have it, the minister coming across the green at the moment, he hailed him to come in, and related what had been threatened against Rose.

"These common prickers are common knaves; I hope you have—" The parson glanced significantly at the cudgel, as much as to add, "used it well!" The smith nodded affirmatively.

The pricker was trying to sneak off, but Richard stopped him, and said no—not until he had been before Sir Richard Bedinfield and had a judicial whipping as a cheat, and then a ducking by the village folk. A good number of the rustics had gathered at a respectful distance from the cottage; and when they saw the official dragged out by the smith, Parsons Phillips following, and Rose looking out from the door-way, a few of them felt glad that the pretty White Rose of their village had escaped the dangerous trial; but when the smith came among them, and exhibited the trick of the witch-finder's needle, nothing would satisfy them except the summary administration of justice there and then; so the bruised wretch was hauled off to the mill-pond, ducked until he was half-dead, and then driven out of the village with hoots and execrations.

Mistress Gilbert was foiled of her revenge for the present; but, she said with a deadly tenacity, "Though he was not a true witch-finder, that does not make Rose Nicholl less a witch."

And the village began to look coldly on the smith's wife, and to avoid passing near her door, lest she should blight them and theirs with her evil eye.

IV.

The very name of witch was fatal in those good old times. No one could long bear it with impunity; and this poor Rose well knew. To see herself hated and feared poisoned her life with a dread that the general feeling might extend itself to her husband, her father, and her child.

Six months after the visit of the pricker Mistress Lucy Bedinfield died; and the old report that she had been bewitched was revived, with the addition that it was Rose Nicholl, and Rose Nicholl only, who had laid upon her the spells that had destroyed her.

Every calamity that happened in the village was now laid to the charge of the smith's wife. If an old person died from age, Rose had bewitched him or her; if a baby perished from weakness, Rose had bewitched it; if a crop failed, Rose had bewitched the seed; if the corn, when heavy in the ear, was laid by violent rain, Rose had raised the storm; if a horse cast a shoe, Rose had bewitched the nails, or the hammer, or the anvil. Rose might look as innocent and pretty as she would, but popular superstition declared her to be a witch, and popular persecution used her as one.

Mistress Gilbert scarcely found her schemes march so quickly as she desired; but an unexpected aid came to her from another quarter. A poor old woman at Whistlebank was tried for witchcraft, and under her tortures she gave a list of names of persons whom she said she had herself seen at the Sabbath, or general meeting of witches and warlocks. She did not at first mention Rose Nicholl; but the name being suggested to her, she also avowed that she had seen her, and no later ago than the previous Friday night. All the accused were immediately arrested, and carried before Sir Roger Bedinfield, and two other magistrates as sapient as himself. In vain did Richard Nicholl swear that at the time his wife was stated to be present at the horrible mysteries of the witches' Sabbath she was sleeping comfortably at his side; he was told that the devil deluded him by putting a semblance of her in her place, that he might not discover her nocturnal absences. The poor smith was nearly maddened; but the prisoners were all confined until the day when they were to be tried.

Two days after poor Rose was thrown into prison Parson Phillips brought these tidings to the smith, and said that he had leave to bring her body home, and give her Christian burial. Terrified at the accusation brought against her, deprived of her child and her husband, the young creature was seized with fever, and died in her prison—by God's mercy both the parson and Richard thought, for she thereby escaped the doom of her companions in misfortune, against whose names stand in the criminal records of the time the fatal words—"Convict and brynt."

The smith brought his poor White Rose home on the third anniversary of their marriage; and the next day she was interred, with all the rites of the Church, amidst the too late repentance of her persecutors. Master Simon and Richard stood by the grave in angry sorrow, and directly opposite them, with her wicked eyes fixed on the smith's face, was Mistress Gilbert. As he was moving away, at last their glances met; the waiting-woman laughed triumphantly, and pointed downward at the coffin with a significant air. Richard looked at her steadily for a moment, and then said in a deep, concentrated tone, which the hearers recalled afterward as a tone of prophecy. "Ay, Mistress Gilbert, there lies the body of my poor Rose that you hated, and her spirit is safe in heaven. You may laugh now, but you shall not laugh long. The day is near when your body shall raise a lowe that shall be seen from Whistlebank to Carnridge, and your spirit shall skirl to be heard from Hecklestone for three miles round." Mistress Gilbert only laughed the louder as she marched away.

But Richard Nicholl's words came true.

The Hecklestone was a tall block of granite, set up in Hambledon park, on an elevation about a hundred yards from the house. So long as it remained, there were two marks upon the top, which tradition said were made by the burning hands of Mistress Gilbert; she was set on fire accidentally, and, flying from the house, in her agony she ran up to Hecklestone, screaming, and clung to it, blazing all over, until the light was seen "from Whistlebank to Carnridge, and her cries were heard for three miles round." People ran to her help, but the story goes that the fire resisted every effort to put it out. Mistress Gilbert was burned to ashes; and wherever the wind scattered them, says tradition, the ground was forever after barren.

MY WESTERN LAND SPECULATION.

Six years' toil at the desk in the office of one of Gotham's merchant princes (*vide* Life in the Galleys), and I have saved out of my scanty income four hundred dollars. Twenty-five years old. Prospect of being able to support a wife (chief end of man) dubious. Something must be done. Stocks—bull or bear? Pshaw! pile too diminutive. California or Australia? Alas! the attenuated condition of my finances forbids the golden dream. Mistake my employer's funds for my own, and on the strength of the hallucination travel for my health in Europe? Too risky! None but bank and railroad officers, national, State, and municipal officials, do this with impunity. I have it! The newspapers say there is no place like the West for a young man of industrious habits and a slender purse. I hear every day of men who crossed the Mississippi with ten dollars in their pocket returning, in a few years, with as many thousands. And do not Eastern broken-down politicians go West, and return therefrom United States Senators or Representatives, or become Governors, Indian Agents, or something of that sort? I'm going West!

And I did go.

Cold, dismal, and rainy was the afternoon of a November day when I for the first time beheld the Father of Rivers, as we steamed over in the ferry-boat from Dunleith to Dubuque. As since my arrival in Chicago (the terrestrial residence of his Satanic Majesty) I had been regularly and systematically fleeced, I was not at all surprised to learn that, owing to the limited number of the Dubuque hotels, and the great influx of strangers, I was compelled to pay full price for the privilege of sleeping upon the bar-room floor of one with a high-sounding name, extraordinary pretensions, and—that's all. The sleeping arrangement being *satisfactorily* settled as above, I repaired to the wash-room. After a spirited controversy with the porter as to the propriety of a clean towel—the one offered me being "clane av coorse, as only a hundred or so gintlemen had wiped on it afore me!" I fought my way in to the supper-table, coming out of the struggle with the loss only of my temper and a few buttons. Supper finished, I seated myself upon the sharp corner of a trunk in the office, bar-room, or sitting-room (a trinity—three in one), and endeavored to realize that, at last, I too was an inhabitant of the Great West. Scattered around me, either sitting, standing, or sprawling, was a crowd of rough-looking, keen-eyed, smoking, drinking, expectorating strangers. Representatives were present from every State in the Union and New Jersey, and for a moment I fancied myself in Congress. I was soon disabused of this idea. The assembly was too respectable and orderly; and not one word about Kansas or freedom. A suspicious-looking man, with a funny hat, hair long and combed behind his ears, and spectacles, who had to my certain knowledge drank three "horns" of brandy since supper, pulled a copy of the New York *Tribune* out of his pocket, and endeavored to get up an argument. He was quickly silenced, however, by a burly individual, who "reckoned that it mout be jist as well for the stranger to keep his clam-shell shut." "Specs" was very indignant—shut his clam-shell with a terrible snap—pulled out a note-book and scribbled furiously. Glancing over his shoulder, I read, "Border ruffian," "Liberty or death," "Outrage on freedom of speech," "Gag-law," and other original phrases of the same sort. I sorrowed deeply as I thought of the unfortunate readers of that pious sheet.

In so promiscuous an assemblage one would naturally suppose there would be as many topics of conversation as there were different individuals. Here, however, was an exception. Every gentleman present seemed firmly impressed with the idea that there was nothing sublunary worth talking about but land—forty's, eighty's, townships, sections, ranges, town-plots, timber, water privileges, and prairie. Upon inquiry I ascertained that the gentlemen were laboring under a severe attack of "land fever." They had assembled here from all parts of the Union to attend the sale of public lands at the land-office in the town of D——, in the northern part of the State, confident of making a speedy fortune from the purchase and sale of Uncle Sam's acres. The glowing descriptions of fortunes made, and to be made, as it were, simply by the lifting of a finger, fired my enthusiasm. "There is a tide," etc. Here was the ebb. I resolved to plunge in; and at once engaged passage to the town of D—— aforesaid.

At four o' the clock next morning nine sleepy, miserable-looking beings were packed inside of the stage-coach—*i. e.*, a lumber-wagon, covered with canvas stretched on hoops—and after fifteen minutes' application of the whip, we moved off at a snail's pace. The sluiceways of the upper regions were open, and the rain *poured*, as the gentleman from Illinois remarked, "slightually." If the spirit of Admiral Noah had any business to transact in our vicinity that day, I am confident that, in the exuberance of his joy, he at once commenced building a spiritual ark. The mud—tell it not in Jersey—was bottomless.

I was squeezed up on the back seat between two bulky individuals, one of whom breathed forth an aroma of vile whisky, while the other smelled like a receptacle for decayed tobacco. This, combined with the tossing and pitching of the vehicle, had a decidedly unpleasant effect upon my breakfastless stomach; and after I had deposited the remnant of my last night's meal in the over-coat pocket of my left-hand neighbor, that worthy individual consented to change seats with me.

Daylight revealed the countenances of my companions in misery. Each eyed his neighbor suspiciously; and as it was now certain that all were bound for D——, on the same errand, I was amused to see how cautiously the all-absorbing topic was handled in their conversation. Not one would admit he had the remotest idea of speculating in land. He was merely traveling to view the country, etc.

Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, Vermont (of course), Massachusetts, and New York, had representatives in our company.

"Whar mout you hail from, stranger?" queried Missouri.

"New York," I replied.

"Ever bin in these y'ere parts afore?" said Illinois.

"No."

"Nor never'll want to be agin, I reckon!" growled Kentucky, as a sudden lurch of the coach sent Vermont flying head first into the stomach of Virginia.

Here our conversation terminated. The road had been rapidly changing from worse to still worse, from still worse to execrable, until now it was literally a quagmire. We were continually bowing, chasseeing, and polking—our elbows into each other's ribs; bumping our heads, now against the top, now against the side of the coach, and then, by way of variety, against those of our neighbors. We were so beaten, bruised, and shaken up that positively there was not breath enough left in our nine bodies to articulate even a ——. A feeble "I'll be doggaun!" from Missouri, as Massachusetts' nose (a sharp one, by-the-way) came plump into his left eye, made our inability to give audible vent to our feelings the more aggravating.

Late in the afternoon, as we were descending a steep and slippery hill, a terrific jolt was followed by a loud crash, and—over we went. Fortunately my side was uppermost, or I should certainly have been crushed. Dashing my fist through the canvas covering, I slowly extricated myself from the struggling mass. The horses were galloping off as fast as their jaded condition would permit; the driver sat in a hole, digging the mud out of his eyes; while my fellow-passengers, having recovered their breath, were going on at a furious rate—under the canvas.

"Dod rot it!" groaned Missouri; "my leg's broke, sure pop!"

"Git off of a fellar, can't yeou!" squealed Vermont. "I'm smashed as fine as a pancake!"

"Blazes!" roared Virginia. "Hurry up, thar, or thar'll be a dead nigger here in less than a minute!"

One by one they crawled slowly out. No one hurt. The driver went after the horses, and the passengers in search of a house. After walking some four miles through the rain and mud we came to a log shanty, whose dimensions and appearance would have disgusted a respectable family of swine, where permission was given us to remain over night. Having fared sumptuously on fried pork, swimming in grease, bread, and molasses (Iowa butter), we rolled ourselves in our blankets and overcoats upon the ground (floor there was none), and were lulled to sleep by the whistling of the wind through the cracks, and the pattering of the rain upon our garments.

Three weary, miserable days were we tortured in this diabolical vehicle. Late in the evening of the fourth day we arrived at the town of D——. The rain had changed to snow; and the thermometer was coqueting with zero. Starved, and frozen nearly stiff, I alighted at one of the hotels ("All but the *ho-*, I reckon," said Kentucky), entered the bar-room, and elbowing my way through a crowd of piratical looking individuals, accosted the landlord, who was dispensing the hospitalities of the house by the dim light of a tallow-candle, with a request for supper and lodging. I was informed that the hotel was crammed to overflowing; that four slept in each bed and six underneath; that the floors of the halls, parlor, and bar-room were covered with lodgers; and that I had my choice of the softest plank I could find, or nothing. Could suit myself. As to supper—couldn't have any that night. A clerk at the St. Nicholas could not have done better. Finding that the other hotel was in the same predicament I chose a plank in the sitting-room, and as possession was the best, if not the only evidence of title, occupied it at once. The furniture of this apartment consisted of six wooden chairs and a pine table. The ceiling low; walls dirty, and blackened with smoke. The combination of smells was perfectly overpowering. Musty buffalo robes, old harnesses, tobacco smoke, a lingering odor of fried pork, and the exhalations from some thirty very dirty human bodies, made me sigh for a couch in the pig-sty of some well-to-do Eastern farmer. A profane individual near me said, "that you might search the infernal regions and not find another such hole as this." My acquaintance with those regions is limited, but I firmly believe the gentleman was right.

Next morning the cold was terrible—thermometer twenty degrees below zero. Owing to the tremendous crowd I despaired of ever getting breakfast at the hotel; so I lunched upon a herring and two crackers, procured at a neighboring grocery. The town consisted of some thirty wood buildings, evidently erected in a great hurry, at a time when lumber was very scarce. About one-half of these buildings were occupied, as flaring signs informed me, by bankers, land agents, etc., whose principal business appeared to be the buying and selling of land warrants, and entering land upon time; but it was chiefly, as I afterward learned (this is private), the fleecing of greenhorns. Two were occupied as hotels, four or five as general variety stores, and the balance as dwellings.

The great centre of attraction—the United States Land-office—was located in the second story of a frame building. To reach the office you were obliged to ascend a steep flight of stairs built up on the outside of the building. As I mingled with the dense crowd filling the street in front of the office, my attention was called to a number of men stationed upon the stairs, who coolly ordered outsiders to "keep off, if they did not wish their heads punched." These men, I was afterward informed, had, notwithstanding the intensity of the cold, remained on those stairs since four o'clock of the afternoon previous. To prevent freezing to death they kept a large fire burning in the street during the night, which, with frequent and copious draughts of hot drinks, sustained life during this terrible ordeal. Their object in thus risking health, if not life itself, was to enable them to be first at the counter when the land-office should open in the morning, thereby insuring a probability of their being able to get through a batch of warrants. I also understood that this privilege of standing upon the stairs, during some twelve or fourteen hours, in an atmosphere rivaling the North Pole in intensity, was so highly prized that it was determined by lot, none but the drawers of certain numbers (as agreed upon by the land applicants) being allowed this favor.

At ten o'clock the door opened, and with a whoop and a yell the crowd rushed up the stairs and into the office. The foremost ones sprang upon the counter, where alone was safety for life and limb; while the rest struggled, and pushed, and jostled each other, shouting, hallooing, and swearing—each and every one holding his package of warrants above his head and thrusting them into the face of the Receiver, who withstood this terrible charge with the utmost *sang froid*, and coolly proceeded with his business as though nothing unusual had occurred.

I *amused* myself during the forenoon blowing my fingers, kicking my toes, and watching this crowd of greedy land-worshipers, or sharks as they are called here. At noon I repaired to the Hotel for dinner. A dense mass of the most ravenous and savage-looking individuals it has ever been my fortune to encounter in a civilized community were jammed together around the door of the dining-room awaiting the bell for dinner. They glared on each other like tigers, and stood with every muscle strained, similar to that noble animal when he is preparing for a deadly spring upon *his* dinner. The bell rang—the door opened—the crowd sprang in, over the table, under the table, and on the table—each as he fell grasping some article of food which he devoured as he best could. Three times was this disgusting scene enacted ere I managed to get in. I secured a frozen potato, warmed through, and a bit of fried pork, and considered myself peculiarly fortunate in so doing, as I saw many around me who had nothing but a crust of bread. I remonstrated with the landlord; and was told "that 'twas no use talkin'. He couldn't help it. The only way was to do like the rest. Button up my coat, keep a stiff upper lip, and go in with the crowd." Very consoling! but then, for this bit of fried pork, and this frozen potato, warmed through, gotten at the risk of my life, and for the privilege of sleeping upon a dirty floor in company with some fifty very dirty individuals, I paid this landlord at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents *per diem*. I was told that this was the daily order of proceeding. Was not this a free country!

An old man, with whom I conversed during the afternoon, informed me that he had received a warrant from the United States Government for one hundred and sixty acres of land for his services in the war of 1812. He had been here over three weeks. Had stood night after night on the stairs in the bitter cold, but all for nothing. The Receiver would not notice him. His money was gone, and the sharks were now trying to cheat him out of his warrant. I thought of the gratitude of Republics; but as I was not a candidate for Congress, I prudently determined not to commit myself by a stump speech. I learned that the above was but one of numerous similar cases—that the idea of old soldiers or their relatives receiving any benefit from land-warrants is sheer nonsense. They have no speculation in their eye. The "drippings" are not for poor soldiers.

I purchased an eighty acre warrant, and resolved to do my best to secure an entry. But all to no purpose. For ten days did I go in with the crowd, and for ten days did I come out with a terrible squeezing, and nothing more. The majority were as unfortunate as myself. We became very indignant. Rumors were rife, of the entry, at night, of thousands of acres, by favorites of the Land officers—of a certain flight of stairs, in the rear of the office, being used for corrupt purposes—and of numerous other tricks not at all consistent with the duties of an honorable official. I am not prepared to vouch for the truth of these rumors. Angry men are apt to say hard things.

Our threats and entreaties were alike of no avail. If there was a colored individual in the fence he kept dark, and said nothing. I became heart-sick and home-sick. My money was fast dwindling away, and my eighty seemed ever to elude my grasp. One afternoon the banker of whom I purchased the land-warrant called me into his back office, and, shutting the door, commenced as follows: "Excuse me, my dear Sir; but as you don't appear posted in our manner of doing business, and as in the way you are now going on you will never accomplish that which you are after, I thought, as a friend, I would offer you my assistance, if agreeable."

I expressed my gratitude for the offer, and requested the gentleman to proceed.

"In the first place, then, let me take your warrant, give me twenty dollars, and the warrant shall be entered before to-morrow morning, or I'll forfeit twice twenty dollars. You look surprised at this, but it's just as I tell you. You have been here nearly two weeks, at an expense of two dollars a day, and your warrant is not yet entered. You may have to wait two weeks longer, and then not succeed. I offer for twenty dollars to get it entered immediately."

I ventured a remark, that it seemed somewhat singular he should be able to enter warrants whenever he pleased, while so many worthy gentlemen were wasting time and money in a vain endeavor to get one through.

"Ah!" replied the Banker, with a knowing wink, "they don't know the ropes. You see, my friend, we make a business of this thing, and it's not at all singular that our bread comes butter side up every time. But come now, let's talk business. Here is a choice eighty (pointing to a map of the land district), about a hundred miles west of here, well timbered and watered, and only two miles from Paradise City. [Here I was referred to a highly-colored and well-executed lithographic map of said city, wherein broad streets and squares, magnificent churches and public buildings, and palatial residences, were delineated with great accuracy.] Say the word, and I'll lay the warrant on it for you. You'll never get another such chance. The moment that land is entered 'twill bring at least ten dollars per acre. You may believe me or not, just as you please. You are a young man—about my age—should be ashamed to take advantage of you—wouldn't for a paltry eighty anyhow. And another thing, our land is all chosen from personal inspection; and *I know* that this eighty is as I represent it. Do you smoke?"

What could I do? I took a cigar, gave my warrant, and a twenty-dollar gold piece, to my banking friend; and, sure enough, next morning he placed in my hands the Register's receipt, certifying that I had entered the E. ½ of S.W. ¼ of Sec. 12, Township ——, N. of Range ——, W. of 5th P. M., and that I was entitled to a patent therefor as soon as Government saw fit to give me one. The banker congratulated me upon having secured the choicest eighty in the district—said it was worth, at the least calculation, eight hundred dollars; but advised me to hold on, and I might probably get a thousand or twelve hundred for it.

A cool thousand clear profit in less than a week! Rather better than grubbing away at six hundred per annum. What a lucky fellow I was to come West!

I resolved to visit Paradise City and view my property. Engaged a team at ten and a guide at five dollars *per diem*, and started bright and early next morning. The sleighing was excellent. The wind blew rather more than was necessary for comfort, but the guide assured me that it was an unusually mild breeze.

We drove forty miles, and put up at a wretched hovel (the third one met with in our day's journey). While we were eating our supper, of fried pork and molasses (no bread), a little girl came up to me, and said, "Ain't that nice pork? Pap found a *dead hog* out on the perara t'other day, and mammy keeps it up stairs *for trav'lers!*"

I rushed out-doors, and, as I leaned against the corner of the shanty, resolved never again to touch, taste, or handle pork.

About noon of the third day the guide suddenly checked the horses, and, turning to me, inquired, "What township and section is your eighty in?"

I gave him the numbers.

"This is it. We're on it now!"

For miles the prairie swept away to the horizon. Nothing to break the monotony of the dreary waste but two trees and a log-hut.

"Nonsense! You are humbugging me!"

"Not a bit of it, Sir. That's Paradise City over there!"

"Where?"

"That log-hut! To be sure it looks a little different on the map; but then, you *must* have heard of paper cities!"

"And this is the land, well watered and timbered, and worth at least ten dollars per acre, which that infernal scoundrel assured me he had selected from personal inspection!"

"It *is* well timbered, for this country! Those two scrub oaks are the only trees within twenty miles of here. As to water, it is covered with that at least six months in the year. As to ten dollars per acre, you will be lucky—unless you find a green-horn—to get that amount for the whole eighty."

"Turn the horses around, driver!"

"Now, my friend," continued the guide, "I don't think this Western climate agrees with you. This land speculation is a cut-throat game; but few win, and they will get their fingers burned before they are through with it, I reckon. If you have money, my advice is, keep it. And, mark this—never buy an inch of Western land, nor invest in town-lots in Western cities, until you have actually seen the property. No matter how respectable or honorable the proposed vendor may be, do not take his word; for I tell you that, out West, there is no honor even among thieves. And, again; whenever a Western green-horn visits New York, he is sure to be fleeced by your sharpers. Consequently, Eastern green-horns should not complain if we return the compliment."

I looked the guide full in the eye, and am confident the villain was chuckling at my discomfiture.

I arrived at New York with two dollars in my pocket; am once more toiling at the desk, happy and contented, at peace with the whole world—always excepting my friend, the banker.

By-the-way, I have a *choice* eighty for sale—well watered and timbered—situated within two miles of Paradise City, Iowa. Price, one thousand dollars; terms, cash.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing much of that information which the wisest men in the world could not give, but which the Author can.

"DARRELL," said Colonel Morley, "you remember my nephew George as a boy? He is now the rector of Humberston; married—a very nice sort of woman—suits him. Humberston is a fine living; but his talents are wasted there. He preached for the first time in London last year, and made a considerable sensation. This year he has been much out of town. He has no church here as yet. I hope to get him one. Carr is determined that he shall be a Bishop. Meanwhile he preaches at —— Chapel to-morrow. Come and hear him with me, and then tell me frankly—is he eloquent or not?"

Darrell had a prejudice against fashionable preachers, but to please Colonel Morley he went to hear George. He was agreeably surprised by the pulpit oratory of the young divine. It had that rare combination of impassioned earnestness, with subdued tones, and decorous gesture, which suits the ideal of ecclesiastical eloquence conceived by an educated English Churchman—

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Occasionally the old defect in utterance was discernible; there was a gasp as for breath, or a prolonged dwelling upon certain syllables, which, occurring in the most animated passages, and apparently evincing the preacher's struggle with emotion, rather served to heighten the sympathy of the audience. But for the most part the original stammer was replaced by a felicitous pause—the pause as of a thoughtful reasoner, or a solemn monitor knitting ideas, that came too quick, into method, or chastening impulse into disciplined zeal. The mind of the preacher, thus not only freed from trammel, but armed for victory, came forth with that power which is peculiar to an original intellect—the power which suggests more than it demonstrates. He did not so much preach to his audience as wind himself through unexpected ways into the hearts of the audience; and they who heard suddenly found their hearts preaching to themselves. He took for his text, "Cast down, but not destroyed." And out of this text he framed a discourse full of true Gospel tenderness, which seemed to raise up comfort as the saving, against despair as the evil, principle of mortal life. The congregation was what is called "brilliant"—statesmen, and peers, and great authors, and fine ladies—people whom the inconsiderate believe to stand little in need of comfort, and never to be subjected to despair. In many an intent or drooping face in that brilliant congregation might be read a very different tale. But of all present there was no one whom the discourse so moved as a woman, who, chancing to pass that way, had followed the throng into the Chapel, and with difficulty obtained a seat at the far end; a woman who had not been within the walls of chapel or church for long years—a grim woman, in iron gray. There she sate, unnoticed, in her remote corner; and before the preacher had done, her face was hidden behind her clasped hands, and she was weeping such tears as she had not wept since childhood.

On leaving church Darrell said little more to the Colonel than this: "Your nephew takes me by surprise. The Church wants such men. He will have a grand career, if life be spared to him." Then he sank into a reverie, from which he broke abruptly—"Your nephew was at school with my boy. Had my son lived, what had been *his* career?"

The Colonel, never encouraging painful subjects, made no rejoinder.

"Bring George to see me to-morrow. I shrunk from asking it before: I thought the sight of him would too much revive old sorrows, but I feel I should accustom myself to face every memory. Bring him."

The next day the Colonel took George to Darrell's; but George had been pre-engaged till late at noon, and Darrell was just leaving home, and at his street-door, when the uncle and nephew came. They respected his time too much to accept his offer to come in, but walked beside him for a few minutes, as he bestowed upon George those compliments which are sweet to the ear of rising men from the lips of those who have risen.

"I remember you, George, as a boy," said Darrell, "and thanked you then for good advice to a school-fellow, who is lost to your counsels now." He faltered an instant, but went on firmly: "You had then a slight defect in utterance, which, I understand from your uncle, increased as you grew older; so that I never anticipated for you the fame that you are achieving. *Orator fit*—you must have been admirably taught. In the management of your voice, in the excellence of your delivery, I see that you are one of the few who deem that the Divine Word should not be unworthily uttered. The debater on beer bills may be excused from studying the orator's effects; but all that enforce, dignify, adorn, make the becoming studies of him who strives by eloquence to people heaven; whose task it is to adjure the thoughtless, animate the languid, soften the callous, humble the proud, alarm the guilty, comfort the sorrowful, call back to the fold the lost. Is the culture to be slovenly where the glebe is so fertile? The only field left in modern times for the ancient orator's sublime conceptions, but laborious training, is the Preacher's. And I own, George, that I envy the masters who skilled to the Preacher's art an intellect like yours."

"Masters," said the Colonel, "I thought all those elocution masters failed with you, George. You cured and taught yourself. Did not you? No! Why, then, who was your teacher?"

George looked very much embarrassed, and, attempting to answer, began horribly to stutter.

Darrell, conceiving that a preacher whose fame was not yet confirmed, might reasonably dislike to confess those obligations to elaborate study, which, if known, might detract from his effect, or expose him to ridicule, hastened to change the subject. "You have been to the country, I hear, George; at your living, I suppose?"

"No. I have not been there very lately; traveling about."

"Have you seen Lady Montfort since your return?" asked the Colonel.

"I only returned on Saturday night. I go to Lady Montfort's, at Twickenham, this evening."

"She has a delightful retreat," said the Colonel. "But if she wish to avoid admiration, she should not make the banks of the river her favorite haunt. I know some romantic admirers who, when she reappears in the world, may be rival aspirants, and who have much taken to rowing since Lady Montfort has retired to Twickenham. They catch a glimpse of her, and return to boast of it. But they report that there is a young lady seen walking with her—an extremely pretty one—who is she? People ask *me*—as if I knew every thing."

"A companion, I suppose," said George, more and more confused. "But, pardon me, I must leave you now. Good-by, uncle. Good-day, Mr. Darrell."

Darrell did not seem to observe George take leave, but walked on, his hat over his brows, lost in one of his frequent fits of abstracted gloom.

"If my nephew were not married," said the Colonel, "I should regard his embarrassment with much suspicion—embarrassed at every point, from his travels about the country to the question of a young lady at Twickenham. I wonder who that young lady can be—not one of the Viponts, or I should have heard. Are there any young ladies on the Lyndsay side?—Eh, Darrell?"

"What do I care—your head runs on young ladies," answered Darrell, with peevish vivacity, as he stopped abruptly at Carr Vipont's door.

"And your feet do not seem to run from them," said the Colonel; and, with an ironical salute, walked away, while the expanding portals ingulfed his friend.

As he sauntered up St. James's Street, nodding toward the thronged windows of its various clubs, the Colonel suddenly encountered Lionel, and, taking the young gentleman's arm, said, "If you are not very much occupied, will you waste half an hour on me?—I am going homeward."

Lionel readily assented, and the Colonel continued: "Are you in want of your cabriolet today, or can you lend it to me? I have asked a Frenchman, who brings me a letter of introduction, to dine at the nearest *restaurant* to which one can ask a Frenchman. I need not say that is Greenwich; and if I took him in a cabriolet, he would not suspect that he was taken five miles out of town."

"Alas! my dear Colonel, I have just sold my cabriolet."

"What! old-fashioned already? True, it has been built three months. Perhaps the horse, too, has become an antique in some other collection—silent—um!—cabriolet and horse both sold?"

"Both," said Lionel, ruefully.

"Nothing surprises me that man can do," said the Colonel, "or I should be surprised. When, acting on Darrell's general instructions for your outfit, I bought that horse, I flattered myself that I had chosen well. But rare are good horses—rarer still a good judge of them; I suppose I was cheated, and the brute proved a screw."

"The finest cab-horse in London, my dear Colonel, and every one knows how proud I was of him. But I wanted money, and had nothing else that would bring the sum I required. Oh, Colonel Morley, do hear me!"

"Certainly, I am not deaf, nor is St. James's Street. When a man says, 'I have parted with my horse because I wanted money,' I advise him to say it in a whisper."

"I have been imprudent, at least unlucky, and I must pay the penalty. A friend of mine—that is, not exactly a friend, but an acquaintance—whom I see every day—one of my own set—asked me to sign my name at Paris to a bill at three months' date, as his security. He gave me his honor that I should hear no more of it—he would be sure to take up the bill when due—a man whom I supposed to be as well off as myself! You will allow that I could scarcely refuse—at all events, I did not. The bill became due two days ago; my friend does not pay it, and indeed says he can not, and the holder of the bill calls on me. He was very civil—offered to renew it—pressed me to take my time, etc.; but I did not like his manner, and as to my friend, I find that, instead of being well off, as I supposed, he is hard up, and that I am not the first he has got into the same scrape—not intending it, I am sure. He's really a very good fellow, and, if I wanted security, would be it to-morrow, to any amount."

"I've no doubt of it—to any amount!" said the Colonel.

"So I thought it best to conclude the matter at once. I had saved nothing from my allowance, munificent as it is. I could not have the face to ask Mr. Darrell to remunerate me for my own imprudence. I should not like to borrow from my mother—I know it would be inconvenient to her. I sold both horse and cabriolet this morning. I had just been getting the check cashed when I met you. I intend to take the money myself to the bill-holder. I have just the sum—£200."

"The horse alone was worth that," said the Colonel, with a faint sigh—"not to be replaced. France and Russia have the pick of our stables. However, if it is sold, it is sold—talk no more of it. I hate painful subjects. You did right not to renew the bill—it is opening an account with Ruin; and though I avoid preaching on money-makers, or, indeed, any other (preaching is my nephew's vocation, not mine), yet allow me to extract from you a solemn promise never again to sign bills, nor to draw them. Be to your friend what you please except security for him. Orestes never asked Pylades to help him to borrow at fifty per cent. Promise me—your word of honor as a gentleman! Do you hesitate?"

"My dear Colonel," said Lionel, frankly, "I do hesitate. I might promise not to sign a money-lender's bill on my own account, though really I think you take rather an exaggerated view of what is, after all, a common occurrence—"

"Do I?" said the Colonel, meekly. "I'm sorry to hear it. I detest exaggeration. Go on. You might promise not to ruin yourself—but you object to promise not to help in the ruin of your friend."

"That is exquisite irony, Colonel," said Lionel, piqued; "but it does not deal with the difficulty, which is simply this: When a man whom you call friend—whom you walk with, ride with, dine with almost every day, says to you, 'I am in immediate want of a few hundreds—I don't ask you to lend them to me, perhaps you can't—but assist me to borrow—trust to my honor that the debt shall not fall on you,' why, then, it seems as if to refuse the favor was to tell the man you call friend that you doubt his honor; and though I have been caught once in that way, I feel that I must be caught very often before I should have the moral courage to say 'No!' Don't ask me, then, to promise—be satisfied with my assurance that in future, at least, I will be more cautious, and if the loss fall on me, why, the worst that can happen is to do again what I do now."

"Nay, you would not perhaps have another horse and cab to sell. In that case, you would do the reverse of what you do now—you would renew the bill—the debt would run on like a snow-ball—in a year or two you would owe, not hundreds, but thousands. But come in—here we are at my door."

The Colonel entered his drawing-room. A miracle of exquisite neatness the room was—rather effeminate, perhaps, in its attributes; but that was no sign of the Colonel's tastes, but of his popularity with the ladies. All those pretty things were their gifts. The tapestry on the chairs their work—the *sèvre* on the consoles—the clock on the mantle-shelf—the inkstand, paper-cutter, taper-stand on the writing-table—their birth-day presents. Even the white woolly Maltese dog that sprang from the rug to welcome him—even the flowers in the *jardinier*—even the tasteful cottage-piano, and the very music-stand beside it—and the card-trays, piled high with invitations—were contributions from the forgiving sex to the unrequiting bachelor.

Surveying his apartment with a complacent air, the Colonel sank into his easy *fauteuil*, and drawing off his gloves leisurely, said—

"No man has more friends than I have—never did I lose one—never did I sign a bill. Your father pursued a different policy—he signed many bills—and lost many friends."

Lionel, much distressed, looked down, and evidently desired to have done with the subject. Not so the Colonel. That shrewd man, though he did not preach, had a way all his own, which was perhaps quite as effective as any sermon by a fashionable layman can be to an impatient youth.

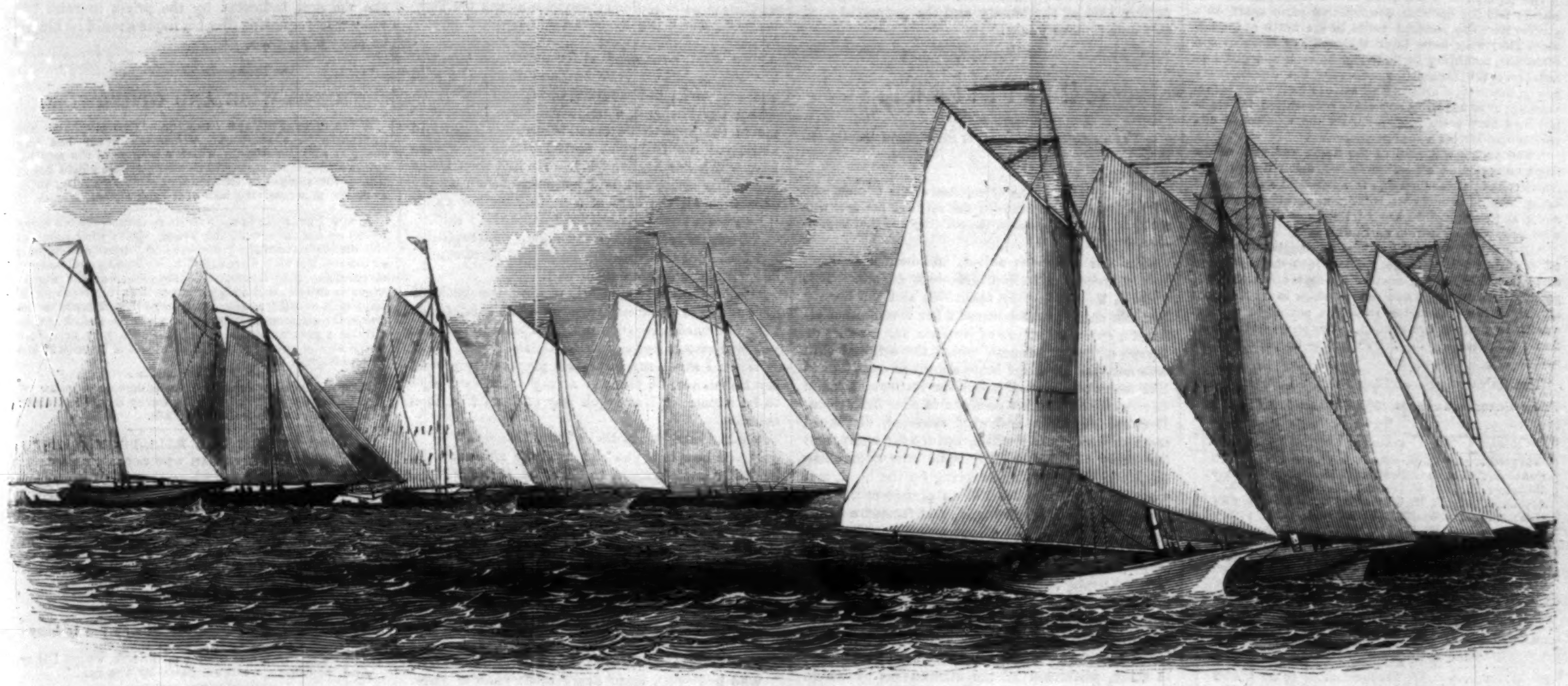
"Yes," resumed the Colonel, "it is the old story. One always begins by being security to a friend. The discredit of the thing is familiarized to one's mind by the false show of generous confidence in another. Then what you have done for a friend, a friend should do for you—a hundred or two would be useful now—you are sure to repay it in three months. To Youth the Future seems safe as the Bank of England, and distant as the Peaks of Himalaya. You pledge your honor that in three months you will release your friend. The three months expire. To release the one friend, you catch hold of another—the bill is renewed, premium and interest thrown into the next pay-day—soon the account multiplies, and with it the honor dwindles—your NAME circulates from hand to hand on the back of doubtful paper—your name, which, in all money transactions, should grow higher and higher each year you live, falling down every month like the shares in a swindling speculation. You begin by what you call trusting a friend, that is, aiding him to self-destruction—buying him arsenic to clear his complexion; you end by dragging all near you into your own abyss, as a drowning man would clutch at his own brother. Lionel Haughton, the saddest expression I ever saw in your father's face was when—when—but you shall hear the story."

"No, Sir; spare me. Since you so insist on it, I will give the promise—it is enough; and my father—"

"Was as honorable as you when he first signed his name to a friend's bill; and perhaps promised to do so no more as reluctantly as you do. You had better let me say on; if I stop now, you will forget all about it by this day twelvemonth; if I go on, you will never forget. There are other examples besides your father. I am about to name one."

Lionel resigned himself to the operation, throwing his handkerchief over his face as if he had taken chloroform.

THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.



THE START.

NEVER did a regatta attract more attention than the one which took place in the Bay of New York on Thursday, the 3d instant. Late years have done much to efface the exclusiveness which at first drew a broad line between the yachters and the public; every one now knows all about the yachts, and every one may be, if he choose, a member of a yacht club. The long-existing feud between the great New York Club and the Press seems to have gone the way of other great feuds; on Thursday both parties met on terms of perfect good-will and amity. Tickets were provided for the various journals, entitling a representative of each to a passage on board one of the steamers provided by the Club for their members.

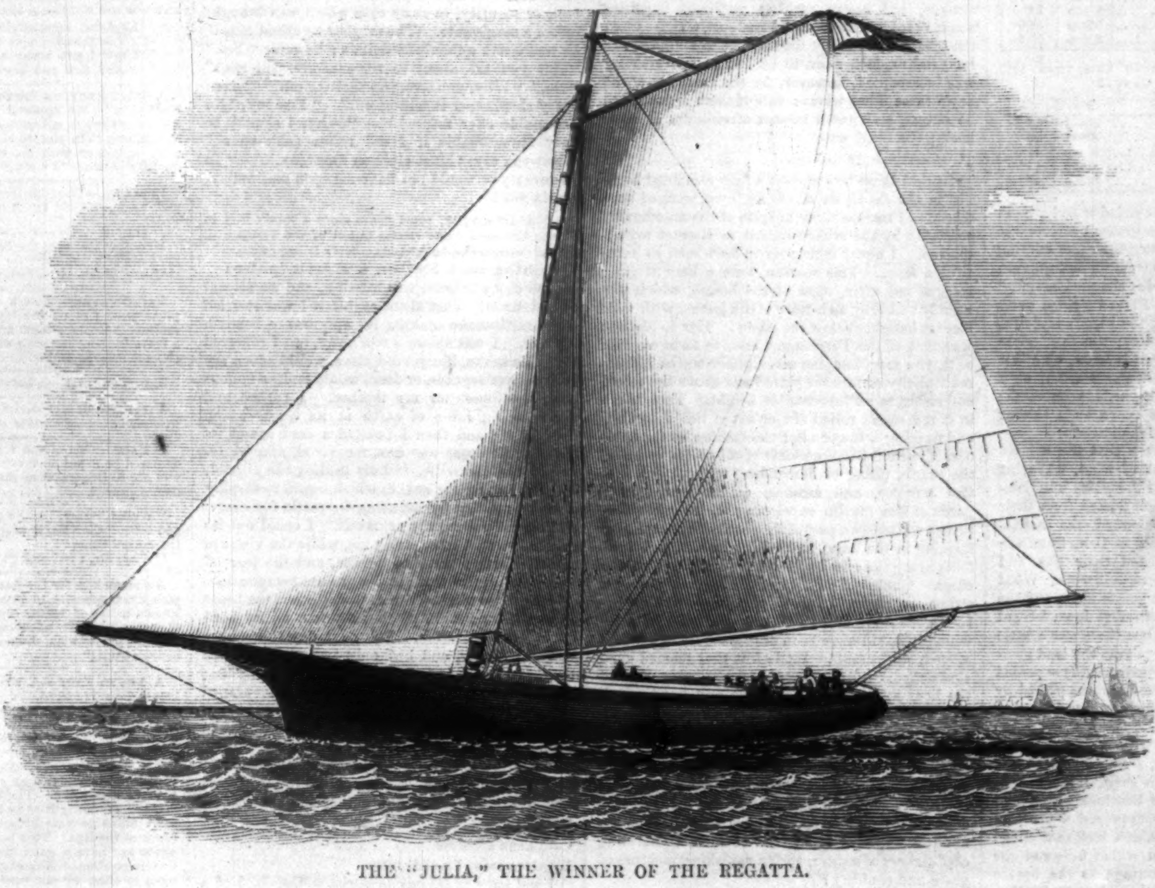
The day was fine—at least there were no signs of rain as the hour approached for the start. The river was crowded with pleasure-boats of all kinds. It is believed that no less than twelve steamers accompanied the race, all crowded with eager pleasure-seekers, among whom lovely faces and bright toilets were conspicuous. Several yachts and sail-boats which were not entered for the race took up positions which would enable them to see the squadron as it sailed down the Bay.

In order that our readers may understand the race, we subjoin the sailing orders:

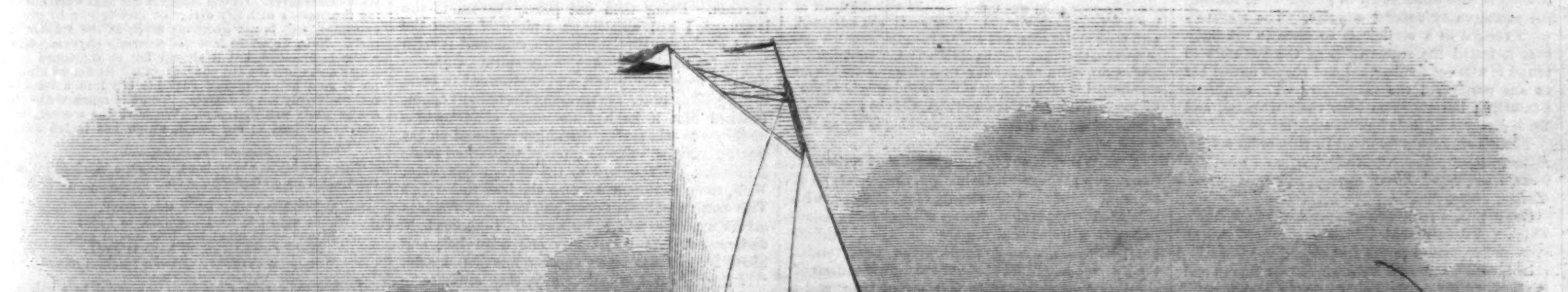
"The annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club will come off on Thursday morning, the 3d of June, at 11 o'clock, under the direction of the Committee of Arrangements appointed therefor. There will be a prize valued at $250 for each class of yachts. The classes will be allowed time for sails as follows:

"The first class one second per square foot. The second class one and one-quarter second per square foot. The third class one and one-half second per square foot. This allowance shall be based upon the mainsail and jib of sloops, and the mainsail, foresail, and jib of schooners, and upon any other duly measured sails actually set at any time during a race. As between sloops and schooners, this allowance shall be based upon nine-tenths of the area of the schooner's sails. The courses marked out for the sailing are as follows:

"A flag-boat will be moored, bow and stern, abreast of the Club-house at Hoboken, on the east side of which the yachts will anchor, head to wind, in the following order of position, commencing from the stake-boat with the yachts of the least area of sails; the third class abreast of said stake-boat, eighty yards apart, on a line due east; the second class, ninety yards apart, on



THE "JULIA," THE WINNER OF THE REGATTA.



ROUNDING THE SOUTHWEST SPIT.

a line parallel with the same, two hundred yards to the north; and the first class one hundred yards apart, on a similar line, two hundred yards to the north of the latter. They may have their mainsails, or foresails and mainsails, according to their rig, hoisted, and gaff topsails set; the Committee reserving the discretionary power, however, of ordering all sails to be lowered before starting, or of adopting any other preparation for starting they may deem proper, should the weather or circumstances render a change necessary.

"The yachts will pass to the north and west of the flag-boat stationed off Staten Island, below the Quarantine Ground; thence easterly to a flag-boat stationed off Long Island, above Fort Hamilton, passing it to the north and east; thence around the buoy of the Southwest Spit, passing it from north and east.

"Returning, they will first pass the flag-boat anchored off the Long Island shore, passing it to the south and east; thence to the flag-boat off the Staten Island shore, passing it to the south and west; thence to the flag-boat abreast of the Club-house, Hoboken, passing it to westward. In going and returning, all the buoys on the West Bank, viz., Nos. 11, 13, and 15, are to be passed to the eastward."

The following vessels were entered for the race:

First Class—carrying 3300 Square Feet and upward.

Name.	Entered by	Rig	Ton.
Widgeon......	D. M. Edgar........	Schr.	101·9
Rebecca......	J. G. Bennett, Jun...	Sloop	77·6
Madgie......	R. F. Loper.........	Sloop	99·5
Julia........	I. M. Waterbury....	Sloop	83·4
Haze........	W. H. M'Vickar....	Schr.	97·2
Zinga........	W. H. Thomas.....	Schr.	118·7
Silvie........	W. A. Stebbins.....	Schr.	105·4
Favorita.....	A. C. Kingsland...	Schr.	138
Gipsey.......	L. Spencer.........	Schr.	148·94

Second Class—carrying 2300 and upward, but less than 3000 Square Feet.

Name.	Entered by	Rig.	Ton.
Haswell......	C. H. Mallory......	Sloop	38·05
America.....	D. C. Kingsland....	Schr.	69·5
Stella........	C. W. Tappan......	Schr.	63·2
Undine.......	L. W. Jerome......	Sloop	44
Irene........	L. G. Brown........	Sloop	57·8
Sea Drift.....	J. S. Holbrook......	Schr.	63·7
Scud.........	W. Stevenson......	Sloop	75
Una.........	W. B. Duncan......	Sloop	67·5
Minnie.......	S. W. Thomas......	Sloop	59·1

Third Class—Yachts carrying less than 2300 Square Feet of Canvas.

Name.	Entered by	Rig.	Ton.
Luckey.......	C. F. Morton.......	Sloop	15·2
Margaret.....	J. Simonson........	Sloop	25·2
Island Fawn..	C. T. Cromwell.....	Sloop	17·2
Edgar........	H. A. Denison......	Sloop	17·3
Fanny.......	E. H. White........	Sloop	43·15

To the crowd which was assembled at and around Hoboken at eleven o'clock the greatest sorrow was the want of wind. Barely enough air was stirring to make the signals and flags tremble and quiver; it was evident that unless Æolus changed his mind there would be no regatta. Eleven o'clock came—the hour for starting—but the yachts lay still, moored according to the orders: the third class abreast of the stake-boat, 80 yards apart, on a line due east; the second class, 90 yards apart, on a line parallel with the same, 200 yards to the north; and the first class, 100 yards apart, on a similar line, 200 yards to the north of the latter.

People were beginning to say that the regatta would be postponed for want of wind, when, at 11 h. 32 m., the ensign of the *Josephine* was lowered, and the third-class yachts floated from their station. Twelve minutes afterward, the second-class yachts followed suit; and at 11 h. 48 m. the large first-class vessels hoisted their jibs and swung to the wind. But it was dull work. What little wind there was died out before noon, and the whole fleet drifted rather than sailed down toward Staten Island. At half past one there was a little puff, which enabled the *Una* to take the lead; but ere a quarter of an hour elapsed the *Edgar* passed her. The Staten Island stake-boat was passed by the *Edgar* at 1 h. 47 m., the other yachts following in this order: *Una, Minnie, Julia, Haswell, Margaret, Island Fawn, Madgie, Gipsey, Luckey, Haze, Scud, Undine, Silvie, Rebecca, Irene, Zinga, Fanny, Favorita, Stella, America, Sea Drift, Widgeon.*

The race now was for the Southwest Spit, and the breeze freshening, there appeared a prospect of some sport. The *Julia*, which had shot ahead of the fleet during the calm which followed the start, showed to equal advantage as the breeze freshened, and came down in grand style, leading the squadron by several minutes. The steamers were ranged in a semicircle so close to the buoy that it tested the seamanship of the yachters to round it without fouling. Loud cheers hailed her as she performed the manœuvre with exquisite dexterity; the steamers blew their whistles, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs.

The other yachts followed in this order: *Una, Edgar, Minnie, Haswell, Madgie, Island Fawn, Rebecca, Haze, Scud, Zinga, Gypsey, Silvie, Margaret, Undine, Irene, Luckey, Favorita.*

Great things had been expected of the *Rebecca*, which had been provided with an enlarged suit of sails and promoted to the first class; but some accident, which occurred between Staten Island and the Southwest Spit, threw her into the background.

For a short distance on the voyage home the wind continued to blow; but as soon as the foremost yachts crept from the lee of Staten Island it died out. Thence to the Hoboken stake-boat it was, like the start, a drift-race. The *Julia* and *Una*, however, had placed too great a distance between them and their competitors to lose their vantage.

Night was fast approaching when the *Julia*—some nine minutes ahead of the *Una*—passed the stake-boat at Hoboken, and won the race, amidst the cheers of thousands on the shore and in the steamers. The *Una* followed, then the *Minnie*, then the *Edgar*, then the *Haswell*. The *Rebecca* anchored 100 yards from the stake-boat, without passing. The *Madgie*, *Haze*, and *Island Fawn* brought up the rear. So ended one of the most popular regattas we have ever had.

Our artist has given two beautiful pictures of the race, one representing the start, the other the arrival of the *Julia* leading the squadron at the Southwest Spit. It was due to the *Julia* that she should have a more elaborate illustration; the third picture will convey to our country readers a correct idea of the beauty and the proportions of this now famous yacht.

Miscellany.

—The Princess Belgiojoso, in her Eastern travels, visited

Mustuk Bey,

Prince of the Mountains of the Giaour, who held a levee in her honor in the room of his first wife (in date), that being one of the privileges of that important personage.

She was a curious object, and bore a striking resemblance to a retired tight-rope dancer. This sultana had been very beautiful, and the beauty had not entirely disappeared: her complexion offered a curious mixture of sunburn and a series of layers of paint, beneath which the original skin was not visible. Her large sea-green eyes looked like reservoirs placed below the lachrymal gland to receive the torrents destined to pour from them. Her mouth, large and well modeled, displayed teeth still admirably white, but too far apart, and her gums were unhealthily red. She apparently disdained the goat-skin covering for the head, and wore her own hair, dyed of an orange red. Her dress was carefully arranged, and formed a striking contrast with that of her children, who were dressed like little beggars. As long as her husband was present she seemed as timid as a newly-married bride, covering her face with her vail or her hand, or any thing within reach, and only replying in monosyllables. She turned her nose to the wall, and suppressed little nervous bursts of laughter: she seemed ready to cry at any moment; in short, performed all the manœuvres by which Eastern husbands are so flattered. The bey soon quitted the room, and then the lady talked without reserve, and began making pertinent inquiries about Frankish manners and customs, which caused the princess to suspect she was not so stupid as her husband made her out to be. The conversation was interrupted, however, by the entrance of the bey's three other wives: two of them appeared to be sisters, and had a swarm of children at their heels; the third was

A genuine Beauty.

Behind these two women a face remained humbly in the shade, on which my eyes were at once fixed, and remained so, in spite of the manœuvres executed by the other sultanas to distract my attention. I never remember to have seen so beautiful a face. This woman wore a long trailing robe of red satin, open at the breast, which was lightly vailed by a chemise of silk gauze, with wide sleeves hanging below the elbow. Her head-dress was that of the Turcomans, and, to form an idea of it, you must imagine a complication, an infinite multiplicity of turbans placed one above the other, and rising to an inaccessible height. There were in it red scarfs rolled six or seven times around, and forming a tower after the fashion of the goddess Cybele: handkerchiefs of all colors crossing the scarfs, rising or descending without any settled purpose, and forming quaint arabesques; yards of fine muslin enveloping with their transparent whiteness a part of the scaffolding, carefully framing in the brow, and falling in rich and light folds along the cheeks, round the neck, and on the chest. Chains of gold, or small sequins run on a string, or again, diamond pins, were visible between the folds, and gave them a certain stability which it would have been unreasonable to demand of such slight stuff. Little feet that seemed chiseled out of marble appeared and disappeared under the long satin robe, while arms and hands, such as I had never seen before, shook an infinite number of bracelets and rings, whose weight could not be trifling. All this formed an *ensemble* at once strange and graceful, but all disappeared suddenly after noticing the face of the wearer. It was so singularly beautiful that I despair of being able to describe it; for how could I give a person who has not contemplated it an idea of such a charming *chef d'œuvre* of nature, such a ravishing mixture of grace and timidity?

—The poor child was unhappy—she was the sport of her husband's other wives. Poor soul! she admitted, with tears in her eyes, and amidst the giggles of the other women, that she—had no children; the most terrible misfortune which can befall a Turkish woman. We are accustomed to think highly of the famed beauty of the

Georgian and Circassian Girls;

but the Princess has something to say on that head too.

A word here about the two races that represent, to our inexperienced imagination, the prototype of feminine beauty. Tall, strong, of good shape, with a brilliant complexion, masses of black and glistening hair, a noble and massive brow, an aquiline nose, immense, widely-opened black eyes, vermilion lips, modeled like those of the Greek statues of the best age, pearly teeth, a rounded chin, and a perfect facial color—such is the Georgian woman. I really admire the women of this race; then, when I have admired them sufficiently, I turn my head and look at them no more, for I am certain to find them, whenever I please, exactly as I left them, without a smile more or less, without the slightest variation of face. If a child be born to them or die, whether their lord adore or detest them, whether their rival triumph or is banished, the faces of the Georgian women never give a sign. Only years can produce an alteration in this face of marble. The Circassian woman has neither the same advantages nor the same defects. She is a northern beauty, reminding me of the blonde and sentimental girls of Germany; but the resemblance does not extend beyond the exterior. The Circassians are generally blondes; their complexion is deliciously fresh, their eyes are blue, gray, or green, and their features, though delicate and graceful, are irregular. While the Georgian is stupid and haughty, the Circassian is false and crafty. The one is capable of deceiving her lord, the other of causing him to die of ennui.

—With all the brutal sensuality of the wealthier classes, there is yet to be found true virtue among the Turkish poor. The Princess relates a very touching instance of

True Fidelity and Affection.

"You must love your husband dearly?" I said one day to an old woman, blind and paralytic, whom her husband, a noble old man, brought to me in the hope that I could restore her sight and activity. She had come seated astride on a donkey, which her husband led. He had then taken her in his arms, and laid her on a bench at my door with all the care of a mother for her child. "You must love your husband dearly?" I said.

"I should like to have my sight," she replied.

I looked at the husband, he smiled sorrowfully, but without a shadow of ill-will.

"Poor woman!" he said, passing the back of his hand over his eyes, "her blindness renders her very wretched. She can not grow used to it. But you will restore her sight, Beyzadéh?"

When I shook my head, and prepared to protest my impotence, he plucked at my dress, as a sign to be silent. "Have you any children?" I then asked.

"I had one, but it died a long time ago."

"And how is it you did not take another wife, healthier and stronger, to bear you children?"

"Ah! that is easily said; but this poor creature would have been grieved, and that would have prevented me from being happy with another, even if I had children. You see, Beyzadéh, we can not have every thing in this world. I have a wife I have loved for nearly forty years, and shall not make another choice."

—"Language," said Talleyrand, "was given us to conceal thought." This was the principle of a

Dry-Goods Dealer,

who had stuck upon every other pane of glass, "Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday." He once offered himself as bail, or security, in some case which was brought before a magistrate. The magistrate asked him if he was worth a thousand dollars; he said, "Yes." "But you are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why, you wrote up 'Selling off.'" "Yes; every shopkeeper is selling off." "You say, 'No reasonable offer refused.'" "Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offers." "But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

—Mr. Domenech, some years since a missionary in Texas, has some queer stories to tell of the wild life in Texan prairies and backwoods. Here is one of

Catching and Eating a Rattlesnake:

One day our horse was missing, and we set out to look for it. Just about nightfall I was startled by a rattlesnake making its appearance beneath my feet. I was about to run away, but I reflected that this snake, if captured alive, would adorn my collection of reptiles, or dead, would make a famous pair of slippers for my mother. I turned and threw a big lump of earth at its head, which stunned it; and then I twisted a cord round its neck. The horse was now recovered, and we returned to Castroville, Dubuis leading the animal, and I dragging the snake, which began to display signs of vitality by sounding its rattle furiously, and almost pulling my arms out. I could not let go, for it would have stung me, while the violence of the efforts I made to hold it, and the fear of being bitten, threw me into a profuse perspiration. At length we reached home, and attached the beast to a wooden bench, placing my foot on its head during the operation. The next day there were three at dinner, and had only two eggs between them; so the young abbé boldly suggested feeding on the rattlesnake. His companion encouraged the idea, for, as he said, if the experiment proved successful, they would never want fresh meat in future. Well, the reptile was cooked scientifically and spiced, but somehow or other, though the meat was pleasant enough, having a cross taste between frog and turtle, the idea of eating a snake was revolting.

—There are some

Ludicrous Incidents.

I had gone to Dhanis to christen the child of a German. Being then but poorly versed in the language, I had written on a piece of paper the word *taufen* (to baptize), not to confound it with *kaufen* (to buy), or *verkaufen* (to sell). Unfortunately I forgot my paper, and was forced to trust to my good fortune. On reaching the father's cabin, I asked him if he had not some children to—*verkaufen?* On seeing the anger depicted on the worthy Alsatian's face, I guessed that I had made a mistake, but returned to the charge gallantly. Well, then, have you not two children to *kaufen?* This exhausted his patience, and he began a furious attack upon me, which, fortunately, I did not half understand. As I had only one word left, and knew I could not make another mistake, I said, "If they are not to sell or buy, they must be to *taufen*." My friend looked at me attentively, and detecting some trace of the priest, burst out into a hearty laugh, in which I could not refrain from joining.

—There appear to be, in that region,

Fine Chances to Marry.

One of the ministers, in very good circumstances, had three daughters who had long reached a nubile age. The minister perceiving that no one made them an offer, thought it advisable to wait no longer, so he put in execution a thoroughly American idea. One Sunday he preached on matrimony: he developed the text, "Increase and multiply," declaring to his congregation that it was a command, and not merely a counsel. He dilated with eloquence and warmth on the chaste pleasures of wedlock, and ended his sermon by offering his three daughters, with three thousand dollars apiece, to any persons that were willing to marry them. He added that, after the sermon, he would receive the names of the offerers, and that his choice would fall on those who possessed the best moral character. A facetious Irishman, who was present (and where are they not?), did not await the moment indicated by the priest to raise his voice: he requested that his name should be placed on the list for TWO.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A Point in Private Finance.—Two sixpences are preferable to a shilling. A cabman never has any change; and the dignity which a largess of the smaller coin would maintain, would be incompatible with a donation to the amount of that sum, effected by giving twice as much, and receiving half of it back again.

A new Pleasure for Entomologists.—We are sorry to see by a statement in the *Times*, that a most destructive disease termed the "auger-worm," nearly as ruinous as the rot, has been discovered in the Royal paddle-wheel steam-sloop *Barracouta*. We suppose that the auger-worm is another and a bigger insect than the *teredo navalis*, and is called "auger," to signify that it bears to the *teredo* the relation of an auger to a gimlet, and thus constitutes a greater bore. What, however, may be a bore to the nation at large, may be a subject of interest to the Entomological Society.

Betting among Birds.—A considerable number of Hens this year laid eggs on the Derby day. Not a few Chickens also came in for the Plate.

A RETORT IN A BALL-ROOM.

BY A CLEVER GENTLEMAN WHO DOESN'T DANCE.

"The Extract of Elder-Flowers, eh? Of course you mean Wall-flowers?" *(Brutally pointing to the elderly specimens, symmetrically arranged in a long deserted row against the wall.)*

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

Quoth a *quidnunc* to Derby, "How comes it, I wonder,
That the party of which you're the chief
No sooner wins office than ill-luck or blunder
The first Session brings you to grief?"

"My good fellow," said Derby, "'tis no use to busy
Your brains with more reasons than one;
When we've climbed to the top of the tree, we get Dizzy,
And, of course, we come down by the run."

WHAT JENNER SAID,

ON READING, IN ELYSIUM, THAT COMPLAINTS HAD BEEN MADE OF HIS HAVING A STATUE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

England, ingratitude still blots
The scutcheon of the brave and free,
I saved you many a million spots,
And now you grudge one spot to me!

A Stale Proverb Refuted.—"Cleanliness is next to Godliness." We applaud this truth with both hands, and are happy to acknowledge that it is correct in most things, except in picture-cleaning; for there the cleanliness, as laid on with the strongest scouring brush, frequently amounts to a sin of ungodliness.

Lies Fly.—The Chinese proverb says a lie has no legs, and can not stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

Mrs. Speckles says the best vegetable pill yet invented is an apple-dumpling; for destroying a gnawing at the stomach, it is a pill which may always be relied on.

Fried Soles.—Take a chair opposite a blazing fire, place your feet on the top bar; or perhaps a quicker method is to place them across all the bars together; in a few minutes your soles will be done thoroughly. N.B. (H)eels may be cooked in like manner.

Indisputable.—A lady's will.

Distressing Kindness.—A sheriff's officer is a man who never leaves another in distress.

A Fact.—One of the wise men of "Grease" recently declared in a public meeting that the size of sausages was not so important as the material of which they were manufactured.

"Well, Charley," said a gentleman to one of our Ragged-school shoe-black brigade, "how do you get along these hard times?"

"Why, Sir, I *rub* and go."

A shoemaker, for the purpose of eclipsing an opponent who lived opposite to him, put over his door the well-known motto of "*Mens conscia recti*" (a mind conscious of rectitude). His adversary, to outdo him, placed a bill in his window with these words: "*Men's and Women's* conscia recti!"

A Novel Fact.—A wheel, unlike a horse, runs the better for being tired.

A Chapter on Kissing.—A North country editor, who confesses by implication to large oscular experience of a time-honored custom, for which the present fashion of ladies' bonnets offers tempting facilities, sums up the fruits of his practice in this wise: "Hardly any two females kiss alike. There is as much variety in the manner of doing it as in the faces and manners of the sex. Some delicate little creatures merely give a slight brush of the lips. This is a sad aggravation. We seem about to "have a good time," but actually get nothing. Others go about it like a hungry man to a beef-steak, and seem to chew up our countenances. This drives away the delicate lover. Others struggle like hens when burying themselves with dry dirt; the kiss is won by great exertions, and is not worth as much as the trouble it costs. Now, we are in favor of a certain shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be continued too long; and when the fair one "gives in" let her administer it as a humming-bird runs his bill into a honey-suckle—deeply but delicately. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth, which has lasted forty years!

There is only one love, but there are a hundred imitations.—De La Rochefoucauld.

When her young lover went away,
In vain she tried her grief to hide;
In one short night her hair turned gray—
She'd quite forgot to have it dyed.
—Gribaiedoff *(from a Russian comedy)*.

Love without money has been compared to a pair of shiny-leather boots without soles.

Poetry is said to be a gift, but it very often turns out to be a theft.

VICAR AND CURATE.

A vicar, long ill, who treasured up wealth,
Told his curate each Sunday to pray for his health,
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,
That the curate ought rather to wish he were dead.
"For my truth," said the curate, "let credit be given,
I ne'er prayed for his *death*, but I have for his *living*."

An Unkind Remark.—With many women, going to church is little better than looking into a bonnet shop.

A Phenomenon.—A governess advertising for a situation says she is perfect mistress of her *own tongue!*

Modesty.—*Punch* says that the characteristic of a time-piece is modesty rather than rudeness, for "it always keeps it hands before its face."

A LADY'S MAN.

How much at home was Charles in all
The talk aforesaid, nicknamed "small;"
Seldom embarrassed, never slow,
His maxim always "Touch and go"—
From grave to gay he ran with ease,
Secure alike in both to please.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, June* 7, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending June 5, 1858	$2,288,889	$1,224,175
Corresponding week, 1857	4,284,107	1,139,714
Decrease	$1,995,218	
Increase		$84,461

The decrease of imports at this port since Jan. 1, as compared with the same period of last year, is equal to 50 per cent.

The movement of Specie during the week was in favor of the banks, which are likely to show over thirty-two millions this evening, with a California steamer soon to be due. The Sub-Treasury in this city holds about five and a quarter millions. Foreign Exchange has declined below the specie exporting point; on London it rules at 108¼ @ 109¼. The rates for money vary from 3 per cent., at which rate loans are made on call on undoubted security, to 5 and 6, which is the top rate for negociable paper.

The remaining four millions of Treasury Notes will be ..ed to the lowest bidders, at Washington, on Monday next. It is probable that they will be disposed of in the neighborhood of four per cent.

The course of the Stock Market during the week has been erratic. At first there was an improvement of from 2 @ 4 per cent. in the speculative securities; this, however, was lost on Friday and Saturday. The decline is ascribed partly to the unfavorable construction placed upon the Erie Report, and partly to the effects of speculators for a fall. The following table shows the fluctuations for the week:

New York Central	83@85@83½
New York and Erie	20½@17½@17½
Reading	41½@45@43½
Rock Island	78@75@78
Michigan Southern	21½@23@21½
Preferred	45½@47@44
Illinois Central	87½@89@88
Panama	106½@108½@107½
Pacific Mail	70@73@73
Hudson	28½@29½@28½
Galena	86½@89@85½
Missouris	83½@84½@84½
Virginias	92½@93½@93½
Tennessees	90½@90@90½
La Crosse Land Grants	33½@33½@31½
Toledo	36@38½@34½
Milwaukee and Mississippi	26½@27½@25½
La Crosse	8@7@5½
Delaware and Hudson	105@108@106

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, June* , 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for Flour, Wheat, and Corn, which have been freely purchased by home dealers and shippers. Prices close a shade higher. Oats have also attracted more attention at improved rates....Cotton has been sparingly dealt in, and it has declined....Rio Coffee and Cuba Sugars were in lively request....Pork was dull, and prices steadily favored buyers. Lard was in good demand at full rates. Beef, Butter, and Cheese were quiet and heavy ....Tobacco and Wool were less active at previous quotations....Spirits Turpentine and Common have been more freely dealt in at improved prices....The Dry Goods Trade exhibits no really new feature. Jobbers are selling pretty freely such fabrics as the near-by trade require. Cotton and Silks generally rule firm, with, in some instances, an upward tendency—stocks being quite light for the season, especially of really desirable styles. Clothiers are buying fancy Cassimeres extensively, at full rates. Other kinds of Woolens are very dull. The week's imports of Dry Goods amounted to $407,753 against $884,775, the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $19,769,641 against $42,082,586, same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 85	@	$4 15
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 85	@	4 25
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 00	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 25	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 10	@	5 20
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 40	@	7 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 00	@	3 40
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 40	@	3 85
White Wheat, per bushel	1 02½	@	1 35
Red Wheat, per bushel	84	@	1 10
Corn, per bushel	70	@	80
Rye, per bushel	65	@	67
Barley, per bushel	52	@	60
Western Oats, per bushel	44	@	46
State Oats, per bushel	42	@	44
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	38	@	41
Southern Oats, per bushel	30	@	36
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11½	@	12
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 40	@	17 50
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 00	@	14 10
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	11 00	@	11 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel	8 00	@	8 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	18 00	@	21 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	16 00	@	18 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	[illegible]
Lard, per pound	11½	@	[illegible]
State Butter, per pound	14	@	24
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	20
Cheese, per pound	4	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 00	@	3 .5
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	22	@	28
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5	@	7.
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	35½	@	37
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21	@	21½
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds	40	@	70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound	4	@	7
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 75	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	47½	@	49
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 45	@	1 50
American Fleece Wool, per pound	28	@	45
" Pulled Wool	25	@	38
Kentucky Tobacco	6½	@	15
Seed Leaf Tobacco	9	@	35
Live Geese Feathers, per pound	40	@	50
Tallow, per pound	10	@	10½

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about June 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	855	1,500
Coffee, packages	97,717	43,110
Cotton, bales	63,056	88,428
Dyewoods, tons	942	3,329
Hemp, tons	85	515
Hemp, bales	9,826	23,442
Hides, number	221,880	115,513
Lead, Pig, tons	1,600	750
Leather, Sole, sides	110,200	164,000
Molasses, hogsheads	12,351	4,838
Molasses, barrels	10,519	3,740
Pork, barrels	49,925	47,183
Beef, tierces and barrels	22,054	19,718
Rice, tierces	3,271	10,084
Rice, bags	1,300	—
Sugars, hogsheads	76,091	26,286
Sugars, bags	12,500	15,000
Sugars, boxes	23,113	18,171
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	5,024	6,034
Tobacco, Manufactured, packages	9,583	5,001
Tar, barrels	—	15,000
Turpentine, Crude, barrels	—	300

Freights were moderately active at, however, reduced rates. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. @ 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Grain, 6d. @ 7d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. @ 4s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 710.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were more freely supplied with Beeves, which declined a shade, though the demand was fair....Light receipts, and still lighter sales were reported of Milch Cows....Veal Calves have not varied much in demand or value.... Sheep and Lambs were plentier and cheaper....Swine were dull and heavy. The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *May* 26.	Week ending *June* 2.
Beeves	2,892	3,574
Milch Cows	177	114
Veal Calves	1,034	787
Sheep and Lambs	5,007	5,480
Swine	6,668	5,750

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1592	Kentucky	151
Ohio	647	Pennsylvania	45
New York	262	Virginia	20
Indiana	210		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 7½	@	$ 10
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	10 00
" " per pound	8	@	11
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets are nearly bare of Apples. Strawberries from the South are plenty, and from Jersey, beginning to arrive. Gooseberries are coming in. Cherries are abundant. Old Vegetables are less freely offered. New Potatoes and Turnips are arriving. New Beets have been received from Norfolk. Onions are less plenty. Cabbages and Cucumbers are in very light supply. Green Peas, from Norfolk, are the only kind in market. Eggs are in good supply and in moderate demand. Most kinds of Poultry are pretty freely offered. Pigeons continue abundant.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$3 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound	5	@	6
Peaches, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Plums, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Strawberries, new, per quart box	10	@	40
" per basket	25	@	—
Gooseberries, per bushel	3 00	@	3 50
Cherries, per pound	10	@	15
Beans, per bushel	1 00	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 50	@	3 25
" new, per barrel	3 50	@	5 50
Onions, new, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
Turnips, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
" new, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	6 00
Beets, new, per dozen bunches	1 25	@	—
Carrots, per bushel	1 75	@	2 00
Cabbage, new, per dozen	1 25	@	—
Watermelons, each	25	@	50
Asparagus, per dozen bunches	1 75	@	3 00
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	4 00
Garlic, per 100	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	4 00
Lettuce, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	37	@	75
Spinach, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
Green Peas, per barrel	5 00	@	6 50
Eggs, per dozen	11	@	13
Chickens, per pair	50	@	1 00
Fowls, per pound	11	@	13
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 00
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	63	@	2 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MALCOLM CAMPBELL, } { JOHN GELSTON.

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BANKERS AND DEALERS IN BULLION AND SPECIE.
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Sovereigns,
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DOLLARS and all kinds of GOLD and SILVER.
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A LAW OF NATURE.

When the natural outlets for the waste matters of the blood are closed or obstructed, disease at once makes its appearance. It may be headache, or dyspepsia, or dizziness; or the mental impressions may be disordered; or fever sets in, or scrofula or cancer commences, or worms are generated, or epilepsy comes on; or rheumatism, dysentery, or colic rack the body. Now,

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

seem to have been adapted by nature to remove all these difficulties; for while they can not injure, they are sufficiently powerful to open all the natural outlets for the blood's impurities to pass off, and the body is at once relieved from all oppression, and health lightens what disease had made dark. Over a century has proved their usefulness. Sold at principal office, 294 Canal Street, Brandreth Building; also at 296 Bowery and 241 Hudson Street. Price 25 cents a box, with full directions.

A FRENCH MANUFACTURER'S SALE OF NEW AND ELEGANT MANTILLAS,
Amounting at cost, in Paris, to
OVER A MILLION OF FRANCS.

Those renowned fabricants, Louis Victor Arnaud and JeanJacques Lamontaine, whose products are known alike from St. Petersburgh to Constantinople in Europe, as also from Boston to New Orleans in the United States, having been forced to succumb to the pressure of the times, the entire assets of their estate (except that portion specially designed for the Russian market, and which will be simultaneously disposed of at St. Petersburgh), are now offered for public distribution at the

COMMODIOUS AND ELEGANT STORE,
No. 361 BROADWAY,
Between Thompson's and Taylor's saloons,
By PRIVATE BARGAIN, for a LIMITED TIME only.

These sales being instituted by order of the
FRENCH COURT OF BANKRUPTCY,
for the purpose of declaring a fourth and final dividend to the creditors in Europe on or before Monday, the 2d of August, the prices in most cases, will be merely nominal, but none will be sold for less than the amount of customs dues, broker's, commissioner's, and assignment fees.

THE ALLOTMENT FOR THIS CITY
is under deed of assignment to Mr. WILLIAM D. ESTERRE, who has specially retained the above-named spacious premises for its more efficient display and distribution. It will be open to the public on Thursday, the 10th of June inst.

Hours of business from 10 to 5 each day.

IT CONSISTS IN PART OF
1000 handsome deep flounced silk mantillas at $8.
800 deep flounced silk mantillas at $10.
1500 superfine silk mantillas at $12.

Between six and seven thousand of the most costly and recherche garments ever imported into this country, at from $14 to $25 each.

ALSO,

Upwards of five thousand French lace mantelets, with one, two, and three flounces, chiefly the product of the celebrated Chantilly looms, and varying in price from $5 to $50.

ALSO,

MAGNIFICENT REAL GUIPURE LACE MANTILLAS
REAL THREAD LACE MANTILLAS,
REAL PUSHER LACE MANTILLAS,
REAL PUSHER LACE POINTS,
REAL THREAD LACE POINTS.

Wholesale buyers can only be waited on previous to 10 in the morning.

Terms strictly cash, on or before delivery.

Observe the number.

361 BROADWAY,
between Thompson's and Taylor's saloons.
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